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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

EVERYONE, whether Conservative, Liberal or Labour, knows that Mr. Lansbury spoke the truth in the House of Commons on Wednesday when he said that if we are to stop the drift to war we must stop "this tomfoolery" of armaments and the dishonest talk about disarmament and get down to the problem of "why we want to arm." No one any longer questions the economic causes of war or believes that big armaments prevent war. Sir Samuel Hoare admitted as much in the famous speech (that he was so soon to forget) when he spoke of the right to free access to raw materials. But that was only to touch the fringe of the problem, which is partly a question of exclusive ownership—to put empires under mandates would be a good beginning: and more a question of currency and of internal economic structure—everyone now has access to raw materials if they can pay for them. In brief the House discussed, without much realism, whether capitalist nations are capable of behaving in the future in any other than the way they have always behaved in the competitive struggle. The successful Conservative amendment expressing confidence that the Government will "take all practical steps to promote international prosperity and a better understanding between peoples" sounded in the circumstances like a bad joke. Does the Government show any sign of trying to tackle the causes of war?

Mussolini and Sanctions

The experts at Geneva are now up to their eyes in the oil problem, with all its complications of tankers, Italy's reserve stocks, her chances of getting synthetic petrol from Germany, and doubts about American action. Nobody knows what the upshot of these discussions will be. But the optimists predict a favourable report to the Committee of Eighteen in the course of next week and the imposition of the embargo next month. Mussolini is apparently prepared for this—or, at least, is expecting it—and last Saturday he treated the world to a new outburst in an article in the *Popolo d'Italia*. This took the form of a flaming appeal to the "students of Europe" to repudiate the bloodthirsty politicians of Geneva and stand by Italy, the sworn champion and guardian of peace. It depicts Abyssinia as the aggressor and the League Powers as her abettor; it accuses "the London firm of Eley Brothers" of supplying the black savages with dum-dum bullets and the Swedes of transporting ammunition under the sign of the Red Cross. It reads altogether like the work of a lunatic, a tissue of fantasy, boasts and threats. It will provoke derisive laughter among those to whom it is addressed. But there is matter for tears in the fact that its author is the master and misleader of a nation of 40,000,000 people.

The Naval Conference in Difficulties

There does not seem much hope of the Naval Conference reducing the size of battleships. The French have proposed a maximum tonnage of 27,000, but this is unacceptable to the Americans who cling immovably to their ridiculous monsters of 35,000 tons, and object that if the 27,000-ton figure were accepted, France would nevertheless have two of 35,000 tons (one recently laid down and the other to be laid down presently), whilst the existing American and British monsters would be rapidly becoming obsolete. Another difficulty concerns the Powers outside the Conference. If Japan can be ignored, Germany cannot. So far as quantitative limitation is concerned, the Anglo-German agreement of last June fixed (in a precarious way) the total tonnage ratio of 35 : 100. But in that document, with which Sir Samuel Hoare began his series of shocks to the world, there was one remarkable omission. It did not bind the Germans to accept any limitation on the size of ships or the calibre of guns. The British Government are now believed to be asking the Germans to submit to the decisions (if there are any) of the Conference. But their consent presumably depends on whether France will agree—as at present, it seems, she will not—to let them into the Conference at all. The one probable crumb of comfort in all this is an agreement to extend the life of battleships from 20 to 26 years. That will at least save the waste of some millions of pounds on these white elephants.

Egypt Prepares to Negotiate

The Egyptian crisis was settled last week with a suddenness that confounded all the prophets. A "neutral" Government was formed by Ali Maher Pasha, which contains no members of the United Front parties, but which, of course, has their approval. This will function until the general election, which has been postponed from March to the beginning of May. Meanwhile the delegation has been appointed to conduct the treaty negotiations with Great Britain. It is headed by Nahas Pasha and six out of its eleven members are Wafdists. It is indeed as thoroughly representative a body as Egypt could produce, and the discussions will start in an atmosphere of exceptional good-will on the part of the Egyptian Nationalists. We hope that British Imperialists are not going to dissipate this by niggling and extortionate demands. Already we see ominous suggestions in the Conservative press that the Egyptians must reconcile themselves to the maintenance of the British garrison, not merely till the present danger in Africa is over, but in perpetuity. "Even if Egypt's western frontier were cleared of potential menace," says the *Daily Telegraph*, "there could be no idea of reverting to the proposal of 1930 that all British forces in Egypt should be concentrated to the west of the Canal in the neighbourhood of Ismailia." There certainly could be—and there will be—such an idea.

Explosives

The examination of the representatives of Imperial Chemical Industries provided lively entertainment at Wednesday's session of the Royal Commission on the private manufacture of arms. Interesting points were raised during the day's hearing about the position of I.C.I. in the event of war, when the immense quantities of explosives now manufactured for civil purposes would be diverted for military use. I.C.I. was persistently questioned about its part in armament rings. The agreement with Du Pont's was clearly shown in the American arms inquiry and Sir Philip Gibbs successfully proved that the habit of sharing agents with a foreign firm might lead to the use by I.C.I. of an agent abroad over whom they would have no control and who might be a disreputable person. Thirdly, there was the question of enabling foreign countries to fight by supplying them with munitions. Did I.C.I., which found it necessary, as their correspondence showed, to employ different methods in stimulating sales in Japan and China at the same time, feel any "delicacy" in supplying the aggressor and the victim simultaneously? Sir Harry McGowan was emphatic. He had, he said, no objection at all to supplying both sides.

Bread and Margarine

Sir John Orr, in an address on Public Health and Agriculture the other day, again called attention to the scandal of starvation in this country. Investigations have shown, he said, that we have four and a half million people spending on an average only 4*s*. a week on food. The inevitable result of that is disease, stunted growth in children, poor physique in adults. The consumption of eggs, fruit, vegetables and meat, Sir John declared, ought to be increased by from 12 to 25 per cent.; and "to bring the diet up to the level of the well-to-do classes," he added, "would require an increase of about twice that amount." His argument was illustrated next day by the case of a woman in the Clerkenwell County Court. She was feeding herself, her husband and eleven children on £2 14*s*. a week, and the meals were frequently "bread and margarine for dinner as well as for breakfast and tea." We hold no brief for families of this monstrous size, but that, of course, is not the point. The point is that these children, like myriads more, are being grossly and consistently under-nourished. The Registrar, it is reported, said to the mother: "You are a wonderful woman; I don't know how you do it." He might have said: "I don't know why the Government of a so-called civilised country allows you to do it." If Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues plead ignorance of the remedy for this evil, there are plenty of people, including Sir John Orr, to enlighten them.

The Meat Strike

The strike at Smithfield has not so far interfered seriously with the Londoner's supply of meat; the distributors have been able for the most part to make alternative arrangements for keeping retailers supplied. But if it continues—especially since its extension to Islington, which handles more of the home product than Smithfield—its effects are likely to become more noticeable. There are signs, however, as we write, that a way out will shortly be found. The strike, which is unofficial, and cuts across the conciliation machinery that was only recently set up, has not received the formal support of the three Trade Unions in which the workers are organised—the Distributive Workers, the Transport Workers, and the Journeymen Butchers—and at least one of these, the Transport Workers' Union, has made strenuous efforts

to get the men to resume work as a prelude to negotiation. This the strikers have hitherto refused to do, whereas the employers have refused to consider grievances until the men are back at work. Thus the familiar point of punctilio recurs, and it comes to be a question which party is to make the first gesture. The division of the strikers among three separate Unions necessarily accentuates the difficulty; for the men want to stand together, whereas their three organisations may take different views.

Unemployment Soars

The January unemployment figures are certainly startling. An increase of nearly 300,000 in a month, and a fall of over a quarter of a million in the numbers at work, look at first sight like a really serious setback to trade. But the figures, bad as they are, admit of special explanation. There is, of course, always some rise in unemployment during January, after the Christmas rush and with the appearances in the labour market of a new batch of fresh entrants into industry. This does not nearly explain the present increase; but the responsibility for a good part of what remains must undoubtedly be put down to the account of the weather, which caused a widespread temporary suspension of activity in the building and contracting trades. Even, however, after making full allowance for these factors, the figures remain bad: certainly they show no sign of sustained economic improvement. We have pointed out before now to what an extent the fall in unemployment has been due to two factors—the big intake of workers into the distributive trades, and the building boom. The first of these has now definitely ceased, and the second shows signs of slackening off. Until the February figures appear, it will be unsafe to draw assured inferences; but the fact remains that unemployment now stands at 2,160,000, and not more than half the month's increase can be put down to the special causes alleged.

The "Less Spindles" Bill

Mr. Runciman unenthusiastically moved the second reading of the Cotton Spindles Bill on Tuesday. His lack of enthusiasm is not surprising. No one can believe in the Bill, though a majority among the master cotton spinners prefers it either to nothing or to the risk of being driven to accept a larger measure of interference by the State. The promotion of a measure designed to ensure the destruction of productive resources is not in itself inspiring; and there is additional reason for at least lukewarmness in the fact that, if the Bill does succeed in raising the price of cotton yarn—which is its object—it will presumably increase the difficulties of weavers and merchants in selling the finished goods into which most of the yarn is to be made. The dangers inherent in this attempt to raise prices in one section of the cotton trade without doing anything to reorganise the other sections provide one strong argument against the Bill. The Trade Unions also dislike it because of its admitted tendency to reduce the numbers employed in cotton spinning—though it is, of course, argued that those who do still get jobs will be likely to enjoy more regular work. Mr. Runciman, in view of the strong opposition aroused, had to announce the withdrawal of the clause forbidding the installation of new cotton-spinning machinery for a period of years; but probably this will not make much practical difference.

Another Monopoly

When the House of Commons has done—for the moment—with the cotton industry, it will be called upon to tackle an industry of a very different sort. Mr. Walter Elliot's Sugar Industry Reorganisation Bill, based on last year's White Paper, has been published this week. Under this Bill it is proposed to take very much farther reaching steps than the Government has yet persuaded itself to take in dealing with the individualists of Lancashire. The beet-sugar manufacturers are all to be amalgamated into a single corporation under some measure of public control, and this new "public" corporation is to be empowered to borrow in the capital market with the support of a Government guarantee. A permanent Sugar Commission, rather on the lines of the Electricity Commission, is to be set up to act as a technical watch-dog on behalf of the public, with general supervisory powers over the growing of sugar-beet, and over the sugar trade and industry as a whole. The anti-Socialist case for this extension of economic planning is, of course, that as the State subsidises the farmer in order to encourage him to grow sugar-beet, it has a special position towards him and to the industry as a whole. Attached to the Bill is the usual provision for quotas, limiting State assistance to the sugar-beet growers much on the lines of the Wheat Act, that is, by fixing a standard output to which the total subsidy is related, so that any increase of production beyond this standard will proportionately reduce the subsidy per unit of output. If we are to subsidise sugar-beet at all, this is probably the least noxious way; but would it not actually be less expensive to take a leaf out of Mr. Roosevelt's book, and pay the farmer for not growing sugar-beet rather than for growing it?

The Law's Delays

The English respect for tradition is nowhere more strenuously upheld than in the legal profession. The mere litigant, therefore, would hardly be justified in condemning the Report of the Royal Commission on the Dispatch of Business at Common Law as a conservative document. It proposes no increase of judges, but suggests that the problem of congestion may be tackled by the appointment of a full-time manager to arrange the business of the courts and a great step forward is made in the recognition of the litigant's right to know approximately when his case will be tried. But if this experiment is not successful, "it may become necessary to add to the judicial strength to an extent gradually ascertained by experiment." It is satisfactory to know that the door is not barred against this measure which would greatly contribute to the removal of unnecessary delays in the English legal system. The same caution is evident in the rest of the Commission's recommendations. Minor changes are suggested in the workings of the circuit system and the county courts and it is proposed that a retiring age for judges should be fixed at seventy-two. The encouragement given by the Report to the appointment of paid legal chairmen of quarter sessions is especially welcome in view of the wide jurisdiction which these chairmen possess. The prescribed pace is slow, but the movement is generally in the right direction.

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THE SHIFT OF THE BALANCE

BEFORE the war, when two or three kings or emperors met, it was generally supposed to be for the purpose of confirming the alliances that united them; occasionally, however, some more complicated scheme of "re-insurance" was effected across the other ties. There are fewer kings in Europe to-day, and in the place of the emperors it was Mr. Litvinov, Baron von Neurath and Prince Starhemberg who visited London. Grief did not entirely absorb their thoughts, and one gathers that the talk of the august mourners, both in London and at their overflow meeting in Paris, ran on pre-war lines. Dictators may lack the majesty of emperors, but some of them at least can exploit what an economist might call the nuisance value of their position in much the same way. Baron von Neurath was careful to leave everyone guessing uneasily whether his Leader really intends to fortify the demilitarised zone. Prince Starhemberg paraded his zeal for a Habsburg restoration, prepared none the less to discuss the price he might accept for relegating his sovereign to a further period of exile. A scheme for completing the encirclement of Germany by bringing in Russia, in place of Italy, to guarantee what humorists describe as the independence of Austria, amused the royal gossips in Paris, as well it might, for those godless Communist armies would be an odd buttress for a clerical-Fascist dictatorship. Alternatively, it is said that the French propose to bring Mussolini, before his own act of aggression is completed, to sign some mutual pact against aggression in the Mediterranean.

Underneath all this remarkable versatility in the invention of new combinations, there lies in everyone's mind a doubt about the future course of British policy. This island is re-arming on an imposing scale, but against what and whom, and for what and whom? The Germans, hopeful from time to time, do not know whether they have made any perceptible progress in winning British friendship, or at least British neutrality. Would Downing Street go beyond a verbal protest if the Rhineland were "militarised" again? Does it really concern itself, to the point of action, about Austria? But, above all, what is its attitude to Russia—would a Tory Government "go all out" to save the pariah of yesterday from a German invasion? One may translate these same anxieties into the dialects of Paris and Geneva. If, for example, we accept with a glow of innocent good nature the British Government's own assurances that it is re-arming to strengthen the League and enforce the Covenant, a new set of perplexities arises. What sort of League? How much of the Covenant? Is it the rigid conservative institution to which French policy is dedicated? Or is that "elasticity" which Sir Samuel Hoare recommended and Mr. Eden advised, essential to the British conception? And if so, where, on what frontiers, and at whose expense is there to be "elasticity"? Does it mean only that the Covenant may be stretched till it yields half the victim's territory to an Italian aggressor? Has it any special application to the familiar German problems of "revision," the demilitarised zone, the rivers, Danzig, Memel and the lost colonies? No one knows—certainly not the Germans, probably not the British.

The consequence of this uncertainty is that everyone, including Great Britain, feels compelled to prepare for the worse event. The French and their friends in Europe invent alternative diplomatic combinations on the assumption that the League may not function, and by so doing weaken it still further. Everyone arms on the assumption that he may have to defend himself alone, or at best with the help of one or two trusty allies. This was explicitly stated in the debates in Moscow on the staggering military budget for the coming year. At one blow, expenditure was doubled, on the assumption (1) that Japan, Germany and presumably Poland may unite in a concerted invasion of Soviet territory, and (2) that no effective help can be certainly expected from the League. Defence on this scale may for a time justify itself by staving off any immediate danger of an attack, but it implies a withering criticism of our civilisation and a terrible proof of the lack of confidence which the policy of the Powers has engendered at Geneva, that a Power whom no one suspects of an aggressive design should feel itself driven, in the midst of an unpredecented effort of social and economic reconstruction, to divert this startling proportion of its resources to the purchase of safety.

The Russians may well argue that their expenditure is not excessive. They cannot forget the policy of eastward expansion outlined in *Mein Kampf* and openly repeated by Herr Hugenberg at the London Economic Conference. The agreement with Poland revived these fears, and now from several quarters, some of them remote from Moscow, come stories of the conclusion of some species of alliance between Tokio and Berlin. The trail of "incidents" along the borders of Outer Mongolia seems to reveal some definite purpose in the mind of the Japanese Headquarters staff. It looks as if that reckless but far-sighted organisation were providing its route for an invasion. First it acquires the two northern provinces of China proper; then it opens the preliminaries of a promising quarrel with Outer Mongolia. Russia cannot forget that it was by this route that Japanese armies marched into Siberia and out again during the period of intervention. It leads straight to Lake Baikal, at once the most attractive region of Siberia, and the most vulnerable point of its transcontinental railroad. In the political sense this strategy shows a sinister intelligence. The Russians must protect this quasi-Sovietic buffer state, which is in its present form their creation. Yet they deprived themselves of any legal ground for protecting it, by formally recognising China's sovereignty over it in 1924. If then, on the plea of combating the Red Peril, the Japanese can buy or extort, whether from local war-lords or from Nanking, some title to pose as the champion of China or even of some "autonomous" part of China, they have their pretext for a thrust towards the vitals of Asiatic Russia. It may not happen, or it may be postponed from one year to another. But we cannot be blind to the fact that all the preliminary moves are going on under our eyes.

They go on against the background of this baffling uncertainty over British policy. The only obvious way to end it is to convey to Germany the certain knowledge that in the event of a deliberate attack on Russia she must reckon with the active hostility of this country and with effective and whole-hearted measures by the League. At present the Germans are doubtful, and hope for our neutrality

They recollect angry passages in the not very distant relations of London with Moscow, from the days of the Arcos raid, down to the affair of the engineers. They suppose that the National Government knew, when it concluded the naval agreement, that it was handing over the Baltic Sea to German keeping. They have not forgotten the manifest coldness of this Government when the Franco-Soviet Pact was first drafted. With all that in mind, to say nothing of the Tory sympathy with Japan during the Manchurian affair, they may still rely on Hitler's general argument that the British Empire, when it perceives that a re-armed Germany must and can expand somewhere, would rather see it busy against Russia than anywhere overseas.

A plausible case that might mislead clever men can be constructed on these foundations. We believe, none the less, it would be totally mistaken. Rather slowly, but none the less surely, the attitude even of the Tory governing class towards Russia has undergone or is undergoing a complete change. It began, of course, when Stalin swung over from the objective of world-revolution to that of internal reconstruction, perceiving that the two were incompatible. It reached a new stage when Russia joined the League. Tories claim to be realists; therefore they can adjust themselves to the new fact of Russia's economic and military power; given her absorption in her own affairs, it is not an alarming fact. We note other reassuring signs. The Court was once, intelligibly enough, a hostile influence. Under a King young enough to feel friendly curiosity, it should make for better feeling. The *Times* is, in such matters, a sensitive barometer; it printed the other day a leader on Russia's internal economy that showed a new understanding of the facts and an approach to friendliness. The Russian soldiers who have lately visited London encountered a cordial welcome. All this means that the old hostility is vanishing; some more of it will go, if the coming reforms in Soviet electoral machinery make a genuine approach to democracy, as clearly as they indicate a consciousness of internal strength. But apart from this, the astonishing demonstration of mass opinion in support of League action for Ethiopia would be incomparably more formidable, indeed irresistible, if the aggressor were Germany and the victim the Soviet Union. Some would swell the chorus because they fear Germany as they do not fear Italy, and others because they find in the Soviet Union a promise that is wholly absent in Ethiopia. There would be a rally to set the League in motion that no British Government could resist. And the best service to peace, second only to resolute action in the Ethiopian affair, that the British Government could now render, would be to remove from Herr Hitler's mind any doubt as to its attitude towards his Eastern ambitions.

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CANADA'S PROBLEMS

THE Dominion of Canada has passed through troublous times during the past few years; for a country which depends on cereals for at least a quarter of its exports and on the timber industries for another quarter has inevitably felt the effects of world depression with chastening severity. To this unhappy experience Canada doubtless owes the complete eclipse of Mr. Bennett and his Conservatives at last year's General Election, the return of Mr. Mackenzie King and his Liberals with an overwhelming majority behind them, the appearance in Alberta of a "freak" Government of Social Credit evangelists under Mr. Aberhart, and, last but not least, the emergence of Socialism as a powerful force in British Columbia and, to a less extent, over all Canada with the exception of French Quebec and the Maritime Provinces. Canada's Labour Party, known as the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation, has still only a scanty following of eight members in the Dominion Parliament, as against 179 Liberals, 39 Conservatives, and even 17 apostles of Social Credit. But the C.C.F.'s strength is not represented by the seats it was able to win. It polled nearly 400,000 votes, or more than twice as many as its Social Credit rivals; and even the victorious Liberals polled only two millions. Canadian Labour is not yet nearly in a position to make a bid for political power; but it undoubtedly represents a very large and rapidly growing fraction of the Canadian intelligentsia, as well as of the manual and technical workers in the western towns.

There is ample evidence of the vitality of this rising movement in an imposing book which some of its leaders have just issued under the title, *Social Planning for Canada.** Published under the authority of the League for Social Reconstruction, which is in effect the research organisation of the C.C.F., this volume of more than five hundred pages presents both a formidable indictment of the Canadian economic system as it is, and a clear and careful outline of the structure of an alternative economic order. Assuredly the Canadian economists who have written it have taken their problem seriously; and as a result they have produced a volume which is without parallel in the annals of economic writing within the British Dominions beyond the seas.

In this country, despite the Russian example, we are still apt to think of Socialism as a system appropriate chiefly to the needs of advanced industrial countries. In a sense, no doubt, Canada is such a country; for Canadian industries have been assiduously fostered for a long time past by a very high tariff, chiefly at the expense of the primary producers in the prairie provinces. But Canada, despite this hot-house stimulation of industrial development, remains above all else a country dependent on the world market for wheat and timber products; and in this full and careful study by the C.C.F. economists we have in effect an attempt to devise a working Socialist policy for a country which is primarily agricultural, and whose agriculture is mainly in the hands of individual farmers employing but little hired labour.

This fact alone gives *Social Planning for Canada* a special interest. Here and there can be plainly traced in its proposals the direct influence of European, and especially of British, Socialist doctrines. But in the main these Canadian writers have thought their own problems out in their own way.

For Canada the fundamental economic problems of the present are, first, the unsatisfactory condition of agricultural prices in relation to the prices charged to the farmer for the industrial products which he needs to consume; secondly, the excessive burden of debts, both public and private, in relation to the changed price structure of recent years, which has resulted in a huge transference of real income from the workmen and the entrepreneurs to the bondholders at home and abroad; thirdly, the perpetual conflict of interests between Eastern industrialists demanding high protection and Western

* *Social Planning for Canada.* By the Research Committee of the League for Social Reconstruction (*Nelson.* 18/-).

agriculturists who, having to sell their produce cheaply in the world market, want to be allowed to purchase cheap industrial products in return; and fourthly, the existence of monopolies which, as the recent Canadian Commission on "Price Spreads" abundantly showed, result in the consumer having to pay excessively high prices for all those goods which are effectively controlled by large-scale capitalistic combines either at home or abroad.

These four problems, and the practical experiences in which they have been set forth, have put Western Canada in a mood to experiment in adherence to strange and unaccustomed doctrines. Hence Mr. Aberhart's triumph in Alberta and the total eclipse there of the Farmers' Party, which was formerly the standard-bearer of the producers' revolt. Hence the growth of Socialist opinion in British Columbia, which is far more industrialised than the prairie provinces, and the secession of Mr. Stevens and his followers of the "Reconstruction Party" from the Conservative ranks, with a programme promising the primary producers redress against exploitation by the tariff-protected or sheltered industrialists. Mr. Stevens has, indeed, failed to make a great impression on the electorate; his very numerous candidates polled poorly, and their leader was returned to Parliament alone, without a single follower. But the Reconstruction Party was strong enough to wreck the Conservatives' chances, if not to capture seats for itself; and it seems likely that before long most of Mr. Stevens's supporters, and perhaps most of Mr. Aberhart's as well, will drift into the ranks of the C.C.F., because it alone gives promise of making before long a formidable bid for power.

What, then, is the broad programme set forth in the C.C.F. economists' study of "Social Planning"? Superficially, it does not differ a great deal from the plans which have been advanced by the Labour Party in this country and by other European Socialist Parties. It is essentially a project for a planned economic system, based on the public ownership of such key industries as the services of transport and power, and the public control of industry generally, under the supervision of a series of Planning Commissions and with a publicly owned banking system to supply the requisite finance. But although the ingredients are much the same as those which go to make up the policies of European Socialism, the emphasis is necessarily different. Canada is so largely a country of farmers who own their own farms—though the number of tenant farmers has risen significantly of late—that any economic plan for the Dominion must base itself upon the farm, and have above all else the object of giving the farmer a square deal. The socialisation of industry means, for Canada, something different from what it means for primarily industrial countries. It is principally, at any rate at the beginning, a way of ensuring that public utilities shall be operated in the public interest, and prices set at levels which will enable the primary producers to live reasonably well by the exchange of their goods for the industrial commodities, home produced or imported, which they need to buy.

Some time ago the propagandists of the C.C.F. published a fat pamphlet under the title, *Who Owns Canada?* They were able to show that, despite the prevalence of small landed property, Canadian industry and finance are very highly trustified in the hands of a small number of big combines, partly owned abroad but to a growing extent administered and controlled by Canadian capitalists. That the leaders of these big combines wield a powerful political influence, especially in tariff-making and in the securing of subsidies and guarantees from the State, goes without saying; and trusts and tariffs combined have undoubtedly resulted in a price situation which bears hardly on the farmers and, since the depression, on the industrial workers as well. Hence the demand, not for Socialism in any full sense, but for some measure of socialisation and a much larger measure of public control.

Canada has, indeed, already a good deal of public ownership in her economic system. Public control of electrical power, in the belt of country which is so far from the coal mines and the sea as to depend principally on hydro-electric sources of energy, has produced remarkable results in cheapness and efficiency; and if the publicly owned railways have a less fortunate record the blame, as *Social Planning in Canada* plainly shows, is to be laid at the door rather of private enterprise than of any sort of Socialism. The marketing of grain has passed more and more under public control; during the depression the Bennett Government was forced against its will to many new forms of interference with the working of economic forces. But the authors of *Social Planning in Canada* rightly criticise these acts of intervention on the ground that they have been sporadic and planless, and urge that the separate Government agencies for economic action should be brought together under the discipline of a general plan.

There emerges a form of Socialism which, despite an occasional use of Marxian or class-war phrases, is essentially moderate and evolutionary. It must be so, because it rests on leaving the agriculturist in undisturbed possession of his holding, and on assuring him, by industrial and financial controls, the means of making a decent living by the sale of his produce. With this goes, and must go, a hostility to forced industrialisation at the expense of prices which the primary producers cannot afford to pay, and a scorn for those optimists, if optimists they be, who look forward to a Canada affording the means of life to at least a hundred million people. These writers point out that it is doubtful whether the population of Canada would have been any smaller than it is if nothing had been done to stimulate immigration artificially—for Canada loses almost as many by emigration as she gains by immigration—and add that this loss has been largely due to the failure of native Canadians as well as immigrants to find jobs in a congested labour market.

Canada, in fact, needs balanced development, freed from the influence either of excessive protection or of excessive stimulus to the output of primary agricultural products. That balance, however, can hardly be secured without planning, or without such public control as will enable the State to make its economic plans effective. Many holes can doubtless be picked in the detailed presentation of the case, as it is argued in this remarkable book. But what matters far more than faults of detail is that for the first time a group of men has tried to take a comprehensive view of the economic affairs of a great British Dominion, and has done at least as well at the job as any of the numerous "planners" here at home.

A LONDON DIARY

THIRTY or forty million gas masks are apparently to be provided for the protection of the civilian population of this country. The objections to this scheme are that (1) No gas masks over the face are any real protection against "burning gases"—as anyone who had experience of mustard gas or lewisite in the last war knows. They attack the whole body. And I understand that in military circles no one even discusses mustard or lewisite because the new burning gases are so much more effective. (2) Any future air-raid on a large town may be expected to include not only gas of various kinds but also high explosives and thermite, an incendiary substance which, in the words of General Groves, who was Director of Flying Operations at the Air Ministry in 1918,

> burns at a temperature of about 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit. It cannot be put out by water or by any of the usual appliances employed by fire brigades. Owing to the intense heat generated, a small quantity of it will quickly eat through steel, causing the molten metal to run in an incandescent stream capable of setting fire to any inflammable substance which it touches.

It is contained in bombs weighing only about 2 lb., and one bombing plane can carry hundreds. (3) No gas mask has yet been invented for young children, though experiments have been made for the manufacture of bags in which babies may be tied up and oxygenated with a pump operated by the father or mother (as long as they are alive).

The only reason for the preposterous fraud of distributing useless gas masks is to accustom the civil population to the idea of war and to gas drill, so that if war starts they will not revolt so quickly as they otherwise would, and perhaps not until the enemy's population, which would be simultaneously bombed, had already revolted. The gas mask business is just a cruel ramp, and I want to know who is going to get the contract for these millions of gas masks. Some work is being done to develop more efficient anti-aircraft guns, but since Mr. Baldwin's warning that there is "no defence" and that some bombers will "always get through" remains true, the experts are mainly in private concentrating on (*a*) the swift development of a striking force of aeroplanes to bomb other people more efficiently than they can bomb us, and (*b*) schemes for the evacuation of big towns! I gather that the problem of feeding and organising the country when the population spreads over the countryside has not yet been solved.

* * *

Mr. J. M. Keynes's new book, *The General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money* (Macmillan, 5*s*.) is difficult technical stuff for the professional economist. But it begins with a chapter (only half a page long) which I understand perfectly. It says that classical economics from Ricardo onwards have always been based on false premises; that the postulates which they made general and universal were really deduced from the special circumstances of a particular period. Since the characteristics of that period "happen not to be those of the economic society in which we actually live," the economic teaching of to-day, built on the classical economics of the past, is "misleading and disastrous if we attempt to apply it to the facts of experience." That is just what I always suspected, though my knowledge of economics has never been sufficient to enable me to prove it. I know that it is precisely true in the field of political theory, and if I can understand enough of Mr. Keynes's book to be able to convict economists of their intellectual errors, I shall be delighted. I may strain some friendships in the process, but I'll have to risk that.

* * *

I had an interesting conversation the other day with Max Beer, the erudite and too much neglected author of the only thorough and objective *History of British Socialism*. He is always as excited about any new historical discovery as other people are when someone leaves them a legacy. He tells me that Kautsky, now eighty-two years old, has been editing his correspondence and has just brought out a volume (*Karl Kautsky, aus der Frühzeit des Marxismus*) which contains his correspondence with Engels between 1881 and 1895, mainly about the tactics of the Socialist and Labour movements in Germany, Britain and other countries. The letters, incidentally, show Kautsky's own development from romantic revolutionism to gradualist Marxism. He sat at Engels' feet in London from 1885 to 1889 and then settled down to his job of interpreting Marx in his books and periodical, the *Neue Zeit*. Actually, as Max Beer pointed out to me, German Socialists never took the "inevitable catastrophe" side of Marxism seriously, and never thought about the dictatorship of the proletariat. We find Kautsky writing to Engels in 1884 that educated German Socialists still hated Marx. "They are bent on supplanting the class-struggle theory by an appeal to justice." Kautsky disagreed on some points with the Fabians, but naturally had a higher opinion of them than Engels, who took him to task for suppressing anti-Fabian criticism in the *Neue Zeit*. Engels told him that the Fabians had become a serious obstacle in the way of the education of Labour towards independence on the lines advocated by John Burns and Keir Hardie. The Fabians, he thought, wanted to attach Labour to the Liberal Party. He went on:

> The paradoxical Shaw—as a writer very gifted and witty, as an economist and politician of no use whatever, honest and no place-hunter withal—wrote to Bebel that any other than the Fabian policy of compelling the Liberals to adopt Labour candidates would result in defeat and disgrace. Well, in the last election (summer 1892) by following such a policy, the Fabians got both. . . . You appear to think that the Fabians will develop and that they are yet "unfinished." No, they are only too finished—a clique of bourgeois "Socialists" of a mixed sort, place-hunters, sentimentalists, philanthropists, and all of them fearing the rise of Labour and doing all they can to foist on the workmen *bourgeois* leadership in order to blunt the edge of the growing movement for independence. These people are cheek by jowl with the Liberal Caucus, have Liberal jobs, as for instance Sidney Webb, a real British politician. They are doing everything against which the workmen should be warned.

Engels was even harder on Hyndman, "a hardened John Bull, whose ambition far transcends his talent." Belfort Bax and Edward Aveling, on the other hand, he thought honest, intelligent and sincere. "I like Aveling every day better . . . while all others (of the Social Democratic Federation and Socialist League) appear to me to be of little importance." All others included William Morris and Edward Carpenter. It seems to me as if an enterprising English publisher might find a selection of these letters worth printing in English.

* * *

Those who have enjoyed reading *Life with Father*, which was reviewed by David Garnett in this journal a fortnight ago, will share my feelings about the death of Clarence Day. In my mind he stands out as about the most remarkable person whom I met when I stayed in New York some years ago. I called on him in his apartment on Riverside Drive at about 11 o'clock at night. For Clarence Day was a cripple who slept in the mornings, had his breakfast at about 4 o'clock and who could be seen by special appointment before his dinner, at midnight. After that he started to work. He wrote a great deal and often illustrated his own works with admirable sketches. I recommend *This Simian World*, an amusing sociological skit which shows how much of our civilisation is due to our kinship with the monkeys and outlines the rival types of civilisation that would have been made by super-cats or super-elephants. Most people in his plight would just have spent their lives in a private hospital, for he appeared to be almost completely helpless. "He could hold a pencil between thumb and third finger," says the *New Yorker*, "and push it by flexing his shoulder muscle. His drawings were weirdly parabolical because they were a compromise between his genius and his arthritis." He had an admirable wit and was grand company. The *New Yorker* announces that it is about to publish chapters out of one of his unfinished books.

* * *

Given pride of place in last Monday's *Times*, the letter of Mr. Stevenson, of University College, Oxford, suggesting that "some day the British Empire may be able to extend its limits so as to include all States which are genuinely inspired by ideals of peace and of international co-operation" may well, a correspondent suggests to me, be a landmark in world history. Remembering that all States are genuinely inspired by ideals of peace and international co-operation, I was not surprised to hear that the Foreign Office has been flooded with forms of application from the principal capitals of the world asking to enter the "Pax Britannica," which Mr. Stevenson suggests is the modern parallel of the "Pax Romana." The idea has particularly appealed to the Japanese, Bulgars and Jugoslavs, who wired at once for terms of membership. Hitler, I am told, lost no time in approaching the Dominions Secretary; well-informed as usual he addressed his letter to Mr. MacDonald, Dingwall, Ross and Cromarty, and omitted M.P. from the envelope. Meanwhile, Mussolini, with characteristic modesty, addressed himself to Mr. Thomas, as Secretary for the Colonies. I hear that there are likely to be difficulties from two quarters. Stalin, with all the native cunning of a Bolshevik, has insisted on the abolition of British dictatorship in India as a condition of the U.S.S.R.'s entry into the "Pax Britannica," while in this country a strong group on the political Right is alarmed at the thought that if the British Empire becomes universal there will be no reason for rearmament.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to "Pluto."

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Would it not be possible for the B.B.C. to broadcast Big Ben always all day and all night all over the Empire so that all who wish—and I believe they would be many—might have a special wireless set installed in their houses and cottages, and so have the Empire's most impressive clock striking and chiming always?—Letter in the *Times*.

General mourning is over, but black is still smart.—*Sunday Express*.

There must be something more than a mere coincidence in the fact that our uncertain weather has been uniformly favourable on State occasions to his late Majesty King George V. . . . The ever-increasing crowds at State functions, involving night vigils in the open air and hours of waiting, must be firm believers in King's weather, and with some justification.—Letter in the *Times*.

"I have no doubt that this man deliberately took poison, and he appears to have done so in a most cold-blooded and heartless way," the coroner remarked in summing up.—*News of the World*.

How many of us at school realised that Perkin Warbeck was a figure in the Jewish world plot against Aryan sovereignty?—*Aristocracy*, published by the Imperial Fascist League.

In a flight of rhetoric he (Mr. Randolph Churchill) referred to a heifer as a "little brother." His audience of farmers in Dingwall market place rocked with laughter. It was not until it was explained to Mr. Churchill that a heifer could only be a "little sister" that he appreciated the "joke."—*News-Chronicle*.

When, less than a month ago, the East Grinstead Hospital was opened the people of these parts felt proud of the fine new building and grateful for the services which it was expected to render. Since those days, however, two patients have died in the hospital, the matron has been ill, and it is recalled that on the opening day rain fell in torrents. Accordingly people have begun to seek a reason for this accumulation of misfortunes, and many of them have found it in the serpent which sits high on the tower of the hospital.

The serpent is, of course, made of brass and is twined round a staff. From the hospital tower it is a dominating symbol of the healing art. The Housing Committee have decided to take the serpent down.—*Times*.

Lord Carnock: "The trial of a peer by a peer was more than it sounded. It was the whole basis on which their justice was founded. Was it worth while, he asked, to do away with a State ceremony which European nations adored?"—Press Report.

BACKGROUND TO WASHINGTON

THE European student of affairs who visits the United States in this "election year" phase of President Roosevelt's administration may be pardoned if he sails for Europe a sadly disillusioned man. That is, supposing him to be a Socialist, or one who pins his faith in a League of Nations' system reinforced by American adhesion. For in that case, between gang-plank and gang-plank, he will have sought evidence that America desires constructively to establish at home a saner, juster economic order, and abroad to play in international politics a fuller, more responsible role. He will have sought, but not found.

Twice in the past twenty years the mass-emotion of the least logically minded nation on earth has been stirred and directed to idealistic ends by leaders who were, in one case, an inadequately informed visionary and, in the other, a partially sincere sentimentalist. President Wilson spell-bound the American people in a period of fine-phrased emotionalism, and led them to think temporarily in terms of world order and justice. The bill for idealism—shed American blood, clamorous veterans, war debts unpaid—was heavy. Wilson died, defeated and unmourned; Kellogg framed Pacts; kindly, stupid Stimson courted Sir John Simon's acidulated snubs over *l'affaire japonaise*. The American man-in-the-street re-cultivated indifferentism; he "had had some" in the sphere of foreign affairs; the domestic "ticker-boom" of the late 'twenties was good enough for him.

And then came crash and panic. In that chaos of closed banks, nation-wide unemployment and the vast disarray of Capitalism "in a jam," Franklin D. Roosevelt imposed himself momentarily on the imagination of America as "the man who knew a remedy." Manned by "experts," Brain-trust at the helm, the ship of state was set on a course whose land-fall was to be "controlled" Capitalism, justice for the under-dog, reasonable prosperity for all. But to-day—half the crew marooned, the compass lost overboard—the ship swings idly, becalmed. Only the captain, who never really believed in any attainable harbour, continues to smile indomitably on.

What has happened? Let "Russian Ned," some time hand on a Volga barge, now American elector on "relief" work pay-roll, who conversed with the writer on a hurricane-wrecked strip of coral beach midway between Miami and Key West, supply, in part, the answer. "One buck, sixty a day. Dat's lousy. Can't do more dan youst keep body and soul togedder. Now, if dey wanted to give us peoples a break, why not give us youst one hundred dollars? Den I start hot-dog wagon near Miami. Make fortune—one year, two year, sure." Significant, this comment, not merely of the traditionally "solid South's" ingratitude for W.P.A. benefits received; it is symptomatic of the whole American nation's attitude towards fate and the future. That field-marshal's baton in the private soldier's knapsack—that imperishable hope, which keeps civil peace in the proletarian hovels of Pittsburgh and Baltimore—that great if: if only "a break" be vouchsafed by luck, Packard cars, Park Avenue apartments, all the care-free enjoyments of successful materialism are within a man's grasp.

It is a "100 per cent. American" attitude of mind which has done more than anything else to smash Roosevelt's electoral prospects and drive America, in reverse gear, towards self-centred isolationism. New York City—Europe's western-most metropolis—is not America; Wall Street's perfervid animosity against the New Dealers would of itself cut little electoral ice; the "Save the Constitution" Liberty League—officered by hard-shell corporation lawyers and financed by the Du Pont armament interests—would be a "flop," were it not that the philosophy of individualism in its crudest, early Victorian form, still hypnotises the soul of America. The dark days of the depression have been firmly put out of mind, though they may still linger in the sub-conscious as a sub-merged complex. "Get under" is once again no longer a terror, because "get on" is, to all seeming, a realisable hope.

The Republican Party—James (Judas) Warburg, Roosevelt's former confidant and white-headed boy, now the Administration's ablest and most devastating critic, directing the political Broadway rhapsody—has been quick to "cash in" on the recovery. Is the building industry reviving, and are real estate values on the up-turn from Boston to San Diego? Are Manhattan's "Nite Clubs" (*anglice* supper bars) turning customers away? Do nickels and dimes flow with increasing "velocity of circulation" into the eleven hundred "fruit" machines on which Huey Long and his successors have based their political tyranny over New Orleans? The credit accrues—so the predominant voices of press and broadcast have it—to the G.O.P.'s innate virtues, those forces of rugged individualism which have built skyscraper towers, hired royal suites on transatlantic liners, persuaded Chicago's quiet, decent wage-earners that the meanest racketeering gangster in Cicero is a hero *contra mundum*.

The cold, uncomfortable truth is that America to-day is engrossed by calculations appertaining to the ambience of Monroe thought. Recovery—and it is real, if yet only nascent—is talked and charted, not in a world sense, but in terms

of a continent (very nearly self-contained) which stretches from Hudson's Bay to Terra del Fuego. And in that pre-occupation with domestic chances—Uncle Sam's 1936 economic Sinn Fein—interest in the European imbroglio is faint, remote and academic.

Could it be otherwise? Always must one reflect that, in the judgment of the most liberal-minded, enlightened Americans, the refusal of the United States to become a member of the League was an act not merely of prudence but of high thinking. The League system, viewed across three thousand miles of storm-vexed sea, appears (even to the cosmopolitan eyes of New York) to be an integral part of the Versailles Treaty mechanism—a political device whereby the "Haves," England and France, intend to buttress against the "Have Nots" the advantages gained by arms in no matter how many centuries. In that arena of blood and sand the American people decline to-day to play any personal part; they do not want even to throw their hats into the ring.

There are, of course, the phil-European cliques, derivative from America's queer racial snobbery, at whose weekly dinners the itinerant Englishman is impressed to speak, and whose first toast is "His Majesty." But this is an absurd, unreal veneer on the solid wood of American life. The real America to-day is profoundly suspicious of European statesmanship, deeply resolved not to be embroiled in the next war, whose outbreak within a decade is accepted as inevitable. For one brief moment only, last autumn, did America begin to wonder if, after all, there might not be something in the "collective system." Though the cynics whispered "electioneering for the Peace Ballot vote," public opinion in the States was undeniably impressed by the stand taken at Geneva by Britain in defence of the principles of the Covenant, and particularly by Sir Samuel Hoare's hint that the machinery of the League might be used, not merely to stereotype the *status quo*, but to remodel "access" to colonial possessions. For some weeks America was inclined to modify its original belief that England cared less for the integrity of Ethiopia than for the preservation at all costs of the All-Red Route to India. But the mood was short-lived; the shock created in America by the Hoare-Laval peace plan was profound; every suspicion of Franco-British sincerity was revived in accentuated form. America once more turned away in revulsion from a Europe whose statesmen, it seemed, could never get away from the old, fatal game of "power politics."

It is idle to hope that this final disillusionment of America can be readily dispelled. Unfortunate in the possession of an Ambassador who has got himself badly on the wrong side of the press, England is definitely *mal vu* in American eyes at this critical juncture of world affairs. The oil embargo is regarded with suspicion as a device whereby the United States could be dragged in to pull the League chestnuts out of the fire. Public opinion is visibly stiffening against any "neutrality" legislation which would give the Executive discretionary power to weight the scales against a League-condemned aggressor. Whatever views of international morality may be entertained in the White House, the prevailing mood to-day in New York bar, Ohio small-town store, Louisiana road-house—wherever "100 per cent. America" meets to talk—is: "Count Europe out; ourselves alone." AYLMER VALLANCE

THE RE-APPEARANCE OF SIN IN RUSSIA

[In the following article Professor C. E. M. Joad raises some controversial questions about the development of a new ethics in Russia. We expect to publish a reply.—Ed. N.S. & N.]

THAT the Webbs' *Soviet Communism* is a great book all are agreed. Catching something of the grandeur of its theme, it brings home to the reader a realisation of the vastness of the Russian experiment. It is impossible not to be infected by the excitement that glows beneath the austere sentences of the authors. Perceptibly, as one reads, one's pulse beats faster, for almost it seems as if the dead weight of human inertia and apathy might be overcome—is, indeed, being overcome—as if the bad old world were being made afresh. Doubts arise only to be charmed away. The Webbs, indeed, like Plato, lay a spell upon their reader, so that while the voices of the charmers are still speaking, he has no choice but to submit. It is only afterwards that reflection sets in.

I am one of those who believe that in social ethics it is the individual, not the community, who is at once the source and the standard of values. The Webbs and the Russians are not, I think, of this opinion. I, accordingly, decided to stop my ears against the siren Webbs, and, lashed tight to the mast of my unregenerate individualism, to voyage again through the ocean, the veritable ocean, of their book. My second voyage is now complete. Like Odysseus I have been sorely tempted. The mast creaked as I strained against it, but the lashings held and the doubts remained. I venture here to set them forth.

First, as to theory. Together with supernaturalism, the Russians have repudiated all absolute values. Not only God but Truth, Goodness and Beauty have been swept down the drains of materialism and subjectivism. This does not, of course, mean that there is no criterion of right and wrong in Russia. Very much the contrary. "'What,' asked the Webbs of a Bolshevik leader reported to be an embodiment of the Conscience of the Communist Party, 'what is the criterion of good or bad in the conduct of a member of the Communist Party?' His answer . . . was, substantially, that whatever conduced to the building up of the classless society was good, and whatever impeded it was bad." Here, at any rate, is a clear definition of sin. Sins are actions calculated to interfere with the coming of the classless society. "Not the perfecting of one's own soul or self," say the Webbs, "but the service of others, and the advancement of the community, constitutes virtue." Thus vodka drinking, even in moderation, is regarded with disfavour as "detrimental to the wealth of the community," while sexual promiscuity is denounced because among other reasons "it impairs the productivity of labour" and so, presumably, impedes "the building up of the classless society."

Now it is, of course, possible that this *may* be the reason for disapproving of sexual promiscuity; but the reader cannot escape a feeling of surprise at the abundance and variety of human activities which are apparently inimical to the coming of the classless society. The Soviets pride themselves on having eliminated the disabling doctrine of original sin, and as everybody knows, the Bolshevik regime inaugurated an era of considerable social and sexual freedom. Respectability in the old-fashioned sense was denounced as bourgeois, divorce was easy, cheap and honourable for all, and for a time the population shuffled itself like a pack of cards. But times have changed and original sins have disappeared only to be replaced by a whole calendar of social sins. Thus one is not allowed in Soviet Russia to decide to cease to live. Though not a criminal offence, suicide is "nevertheless contrary to *morals*." (My italics.) Again, one must not eat too much. "Definite restriction of eating to something less than the demands of appetite . . . becomes something more than a 'self-regarding' line of conduct, and assumes the dignity of a social obligation." "Total abstinence from . . . . smoking" is not only "strongly recommended," but seems to be "increasingly common among the Comsomols." "Spooning in public" is "not done." Homosexuality is punishable by periods of imprisonment ranging from three to five years. A number of jurists have recently considered how to condemn incest—"on what ground were they to make the mating of near kin (incest) a criminal offence?" They consulted the physiologists. Was incest injurious? Did it impair efficiency? Apparently it did not. The fact was unfortunate but inescapable. Incest was, therefore, denounced merely as "repugnant." Repugnant to what, I wonder? The moral sense? But the moral sense has long ago been submerged in the social good, and incest apparently does no *social* harm. At the moment, then, although

" the marriage offices are directed to refuse to register marriages between persons connected directly by descent," incest is not " a criminal offence."

At the moment! But what of ten years hence? For is it not plain as a pikestaff that what is at work here is the familiar ethical sense which condemns certain things as immoral, simply because they affront it? Does anybody really believe that " public spooning " is " not done " in Russia because it impedes " the building up of the classless society "? Or that second helpings and cigarettes really diminish the quantity of social good? Is not this talk of " social good " a new kind of hypocrisy? The Russians, it is only too obvious, are at the old game of inventing rational arguments to justify their moral prejudices, and the result is a new Puritanism, a Puritanism founded, as the Webbs put it, " not on religion, but on hygiene and economics."

Now the grounds adduced by authoritative persons for preventing other persons from enjoying themselves are none the less hypocritical merely because they happen to be clothed in the language of hygiene and economics rather than in that of supernatural religion. Nor does the fact that a Russian leader translates " This shocks my moral sense " into " This impedes the building up of the classless society," instead of into " This is displeasing to God," make the prohibitions he imposes any the less restrictive. Russia bears all the marks of a very young community undergoing a period of fanatical fervour and making things exceedingly uncomfortable for the unregenerate few who fail to toe the moral line. When we read how Soltz, the Assistant of the Procurator of the U.S.S.R., urged that " the Trade Unions should take more interest in the private lives of their members and their relations with their families," while the editor of *Trud* exhorts them to " judge the value of their members not only by the work they do but also by their . . . attitude towards their wives and children." (Trade Unions, by the way, have now taken on the duty of alimony collection, deducting from a man's wages any amounts that may be due from him to his divorced wife), and learn from Mrs. Webb how everybody at the Trade Union rest-house where people who were on holiday had to be in bed by 11 o'clock—" There was very little spooning, and no litter, so that the social observer felt quite embarrassed about throwing away her cigarette ends instead of placing them dutifully in the receptacles provided "—we feel we know the symptoms only too well. That business of being in bed by 11, for example! It is not only in communities which equate virtue with " the coming of the classless society " that " early to bed " is recommended for other people.

And so the conclusion is inescapably thrust upon the reader, Russia has not disposed of bourgeois ethics. On the contrary " right " and " wrong " are having the time of their lives in Russia, and though the Russians do not use these words and believe that their moral senses only function as the wagging of the tail on the community dog, the fact of the matter is that things are " not done " in Russia just as they are " not done " elsewhere, for the sole and simple reason that it is not " right " to do them.

This excursion into the realm of Soviet ethical theory has not been undertaken solely for the considerable fun of the thing. It has, as I conceive, a practical bearing. Nobody denies that at the moment Russia is far from having achieved the millennium. Living is still hard; criticism is suppressed; freedom is at a discount. It is an offence for anybody to wish to live under a form of society other than that which seems good to the Communist Party. All this is understandable, and, if we accept the view that it really is necessary to the achievement of the new classless society, pardonable.

Whatever view, however, we take of this issue, it is clear that the whole scale of Soviet values depends for its justification upon the achievement of the ideal. The structure of Soviet ethics is like a ladder hanging from a nail, the nail of the classless society. Remove the nail and the ladder tumbles.

Now there are grounds for supposing that this ideal, far from being furthered, is in fact receding. Far be it from me to set a Chamberlin against a Webb, but—I quote from a recent Chamberlin article—" a mathematically-minded correspondent who attended the elaborate Government entertainment which was given on the seventeenth anniversary of Lenin's revolutionary movement, estimated that the gowns worn by wives of Commissars cost about four times the average monthly wage of a Russian worker of the present time." Now is this so, or is it not? Even if it is only approximately so, the justification for the new Puritanism disappears.

One other point. The Russians do not, of course, regard the good of society as in the last resort an end in itself. Society, they concede in theory, even if they sometimes forget the concession in practice, is made up of individuals and exists for their good. " The final purpose of communism," say the Webbs, " is to create happiness for men, to lay the basis for the living of 'the good life.'" Now to remark that there is no suggestion anywhere in the Webbs' book that anybody in Russia has ever stopped to consider in what " the good life " consists, is not perhaps to the point. The good life, we will concede, can only be lived in the classless society, and, until this has been achieved, there is no time to bother about such things. But " the good life " admittedly must be lived by individuals, and, we may presume that, whatever it is, it is not a puritanically restricted life. The position is, then, that individuals must be puritanically restricted now, in order that the classless society may be achieved, in order that individuals may live " the good life," in order, that is to say, that they may not be puritanically restricted. Now does anybody really believe that puritanical restrictions, from the obligation to go to bed early to imprisonment for homosexuality, will really disappear when the classless society is achieved? That, given existing conceptions, the good for the free and unfettered individual will *really* attend upon the good for society? Or does not the teaching of history suggest that in Russia the ethical jam will always be for to-morrow whatever may be the case with regard to the economic?

C. E. M. JOAD

ON THE CUSTOM OF SALUTING AFTER SNEEZING

I CAME on this title the other day when looking for something else in D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*. It interested me, for I have never been able to be indifferent to sneezing since I was ordered to sneeze by an eminent doctor. He was a man who believed that miracles could be accomplished if everybody, before the morning bath, took a pinch of (I think) powdered soap, as one takes a pinch of snuff, and began the day with a violent sneeze. It may not have been powdered soap, but baking powder, so let no one experiment on the strength of my vague memory. Whatever it was, however, it produced a rather unpleasant tickling, a disagreeable titillation that would have wrung a sneeze from the nose of a statue. But what an ecstasy of release immediately followed! What repressions were dispersed in the bathroom air as a result of that fierce convulsion of the brain! No thunderstorm was ever followed by a more lucid calm. There is such pleasure in sneezing, or rather perhaps in having sneezed, that if I were a man of character I should have gone on snuffing powdered soap, or baking powder, or whatever it was, to the present day. Who but the heroes, however, can go on prosecuting a cure for ever? We men of common clay must change our cures with the seasons.

I was interested to notice, however, that others besides my own doctor began to proclaim, about the same time, the merits of sneezing. Several advanced educationists, I believe, introduced what they called nose-drill into a number of schools. The children were drawn up in rows in the school playground and instructed daily in the art of sneezing. Educational theories change, however, like other things, and it may be that by this time sneezing has disappeared from the curriculum.

I sometimes wonder whether the habit of snuff-taking may

not have originated among optimists who believed that sneezing was good for them, and that snuff would enable them to sneeze at any moment they wished. The first man who snuffed tobacco must certainly have sneezed violently, and he would not have gone on snuffing unless he had enjoyed sneezing. Snuff, unfortunately, proved to be one of the great deceivers of human hopes. If you buy a quarter of an ounce of S.P. or Topmill, you will find yourself sneezing uproariously for the first day or two, but by the end of a week you will be conscious of so faint a tickling of the membrane as you snuff that you will be able to do so safely without sneezing in church. What began as an instrument of ecstasy has become simply a bad habit—which most people, indeed, regard as a disgusting habit. The only disgusting thing about snuff-taking, it seems to me, is that in time it ceases to produce the proper convulsions. No doubt it has a prophylactic value—wards off influenza and so forth, but it is no longer an amusement, one of life's undying luxuries, as cigar-smoking remains to the cigar-smoker or pipe-smoking to the pipe-smoker. (I do not speak of cigarette-smoking, which is merely a means of stilling a craving.)

Hence I hold that the wise man will never make a habit of snuff-taking, but will take a pinch of Sheffield's Pride only occasionally, and after such a period of abstinence as will have preserved his capacity for sneezing in its primal innocence. It always strikes me as odd that the confirmed snuff-taker having prevailed on some amateur to have a pinch from his snuff-box, takes (or pretends to take) a malicious and superior joy as the other bursts into one rafter-shaking sneeze after another. There is, perhaps, something laughable in the spectacle of utter helplessness, but what helplessness could be more enviable than the helplessness of the sneezer? I have no doubt that, in such a situation as I have described, the confirmed snuff-taker subconsciously feels this envy, and that his laughter is the disguise of his bitter sense of loss.

It is, I imagine, a fairly modern custom to laugh at sneezers. And, indeed, some of us do even worse than laugh; if a fellow-passenger sneezes in a railway carriage, we scowl at him, not as one of fortune's favourites, but as a base scatterer of germs who ought, for the sake of others, to be at home in bed. It was not always thus. "Do you ask me," writes Montaigne, "whence comes that custom of blessing those who sneeze?" And Sir Gurney Benham, commenting on this in his *Dictionary of Quotations*, observes: "Montaigne explains that the reason is, that the breath thus discharged from the head is harmless, and so meets with this favourable reception." "Do not scoff at this subtlety," he adds, "it comes, so they say, from Aristotle."

Long before Harley Street existed, it is clear, a sneeze was regarded, not as a deplorable and insanitary interruption of common life, but as a noble deed, a purple patch in a drab day, an outburst that exalted even a king. Read, for instance, D'Israeli's account of what used to happen when a king of Mesopotamia sneezed. "Those who are near his person," we are told, "when this happens, salute him in so loud a tone that persons in the ante-chamber hear it, and join in the acclamation; in the adjoining apartments they do the same, till the noise reaches the street and becomes propagated through the city; so that, at each sneeze of his majesty, results a most horrid cry from the salutations of many thousands of his vassals." One may demur to the use of the phrase, "horrid cry," but what wisdom, what appreciation, the Mesopotamians showed in their attitude to sneezing.

Nor was a sneeze allowed to pass amid polite indifference in the kingdom of Semnaar (wherever that may be). "When the King of Semnaar sneezes," we are told, "his courtiers immediately turn their backs on him, and give a loud slap on their right thigh."

D'Israeli writes of all these things rather in the spirit of a sceptical outsider, and even puts a note of exclamation at the end of the remark that Plutarch, in his life of Themistocles, says that before a naval battle a sneeze from the right was a sign of conquest. Why this jeering exclamation mark? After all, the Greeks were an intelligent people, and attributed this virtue to sneezing only after considerable experience both of sneezing and of naval warfare. Xenophon was a man of action and a man of letters who—though I did not think so in the schoolroom—would have dignified any age—and he, too, believed in the importance of sneezing when great affairs were on foot. "Xenophon," we read, "having addressed a speech to his soldiers, in which he declared he felt many reasons for a dependence on the gods, had scarcely concluded his words when one of the soldiers emitted a loud sneeze. Xenophon at once declared this a spontaneous omen sent by Jupiter as a sign that his protection was accorded them." Many modern people would regard this as superstitious, but that small minority of us who still try to cultivate a scientific spirit hold that all such matters should be judged not according to our prejudices, but in accordance with the long and laborious experience of mankind. It has often been said that an ounce of fact is worth a ton of theory. In nothing is this truer than in regard to the effects of sneezing on human destiny.

The poets themselves have paid tribute to the excellence of sneezing. Catullus describes how, when Septimius had sworn lifelong love to Acme, Love "sneezed goodwill," and how, when Acme responded with as ardent a vow, Love "sneezed goodwill" again. I gather from the notes in the Loed edition of Catullus, that scholars differ as to whether three sneezes or only two, were emitted on this occasion; but, whatever the number, the poet was clearly in no doubt that a sneeze at the right moment, like a rainbow, should bring joy to the well-constituted soul.

It is, perhaps, a sign of our modern relapse into barbarism that most of us make so light of the scientific discoveries of the Greeks and the Romans, the kings of Mesopotamia and the kings of Semnaar. To-day, many polite people will even apologise for sneezing in company. A few, still illumined by the ancient wisdom, will, on hearing a person sneeze, say: "Bless you!" and in the country parts of Ireland, where the old science lingers, the man who sneezes will mutter an honest "God bless us!" For the most part, however, we are sceptics who can believe in little except germs. I cannot, I confess, see any evidence that the world has gained as a result of the decline of respect for sneezing. I should like to hear a few of those sneezes of good will resounding through Europe to-day, scattering the fumes from the minds of men and shaking the nonsense out of their souls.

Y. Y.

Correspondence

WILL THE FALL OF FASCISM MEAN BOLSHEVISM?

SIR,—Many people to-day are forced to admit that Mussolini has been the focus from which the virus of dictatorship has spread to other countries in Europe, and that if his technique of threats and blackmail proves successful in his Ethiopian gamble, the last hope of peace for Europe will vanish. They further agree that Mussolini has plunged Italy into an adventure which at best is not worth the cost and may, after rousing the conscience of the whole world against the Italians, end in fatal disaster. Despite all this, many people are still perturbed at the idea that Mussolini's regime may collapse as a result of failure in Ethiopia. They ask: "What next?" and they answer that there would be a Communist revolution in Italy. This is merely a revival of the old exploded myth that thirteen years ago Mussolini saved Italy and Europe, nay the whole world, from Bolshevism.

What would really happen in Italy if Mussolini were no longer there? Many things are possible. The least probable of all is a Communist revolution. Italy is not Russia. It is a land of small industrialists, artisans, shopkeepers, professional men of modest income and small landowners. There are 9,600,000 people paying land tax in Italy. Any government that attempted to expropriate all these people would soon be brought to its senses.

Further, Italy has to import from abroad almost all of her raw

materials and a large proportion of her foodstuffs. If a Communist regime arose, the capitalists of the rest of the world would boycott it and it would collapse in a fortnight under the weight of these "sanctions." The Italian Communists are themselves well aware of the impossibility of bringing about a Communist revolution. Only a few weeks ago, at a conference in Brussels of delegates of Italian anti-Fascist refugees, the Communists declared themselves willing not to oppose the eventual establishment in Italy of a "bourgeois" regime, on condition that it should restore political liberties.

If the Fascist regime comes to an end, the task of rebuilding Italy on the economic and moral ruins resulting from thirteen years of Fascism would be formidable, a thankless job for whoever undertakes it. From our observation of the situation, we think that under the auspices of the Crown and the Vatican a coalition might be formed of army chiefs, Fascists unfaithful to Mussolini and old pre-Fascist politicians, brought down from the dusty attic and brushed up for the occasion. Such a coalition would be based on the regular army, the Civil Service, the police, the Catholic clergy and the big industrialists. They would liquidate the Ethiopian war, reinstate representative institutions on the basis of a restricted franchise, restore a limited degree of political freedom and so weather the crisis.

This coalition might last for a time. It is doubtful whether it could last indefinitely. As soon as the Italians are granted the smallest amount of freedom of speech and of the press, most of them will ask: "What is the use of having a King who has forfeited all sense of honour?" The essential duty of the King of Italy was to enforce respect for the Constitution upon the conflicting parties. The present King has been the accomplice of Mussolini in destroying the Constitution. No Italian can have confidence in him or in his prospective successors. Anti-monarchist currents will develop. The coalition between army chiefs, unfaithful Fascists, pre-Fascist politicians, Catholic clergy and big business may prove to be merely the bridge to an Italian republic. Mazzini's dream may become reality sooner than people expect.

Of course, Italian Republicans could not limit their task to the restoration of personal rights, political liberties and representative institutions. They would have to rebuild the country on the basis of a new economic and social order. They would place under the control of the community those big industrial concerns which cannot live without tariff protection and Government subsidies, hand over to the tillers of the soil the seventeen million acres now belonging to twelve thousand parasitical great land-owners, denounce the Lateran agreements of 1929 and carry through the separation of Church and State, giving equal and unrestricted liberty to all creeds, make drastic cuts in military expenses and put into effect a programme of popular education without delay. If anyone wants to call these reforms "social revolution," he may do so, provided he does not call them "Communism." They would be the exact opposite of Communism, since they would create at least two million more small landowners in Italy.

As things now are, the big industrialists would go bankrupt to-morrow without the subventions they receive from the Government out of the pocket of the taxpayer. The large landowners derive little or no income from their estates as a result of thirteen years of Fascist waste and extravagance and nine years of economic depression. Expropriation would only mean depriving these gentlemen of possessions which would be non-existent without Government aid, or which have already been drained of economic value. A democratic republic of this type would bring Italy once more within the orbit of the civilised world. In an atmosphere of liberty she could resume her normal evolution, already well advanced when Fascism came and made havoc of it.

According to the manner and circumstances of Mussolini's exit there may even arise some unpredictable cross-breed between the oligarchic-monarchic and democratic-republican type of government. Mussolini is in any case not eternal. Sooner or later the Italians will have to face the question: "What next?" No more evil will befall Italy or the rest of the world if the problem is faced to-day rather than ten or twenty years hence.

For thirteen years all the conservative forces in Europe and America have given Mussolini the diplomatic, moral and financial support that he needed to strangle the Italian people. From 1924 to 1934 the British Government was his best friend. M. Laval in 1935 did nothing else than imitate that policy of close friendship with Mussolini which Sir Austen Chamberlain inaugurated immediately after the Matteotti murder and handed down to Arthur Henderson, Sir John Simon and Sir Samuel Hoare. The English people, to be sure, was not a party to this policy and when its implications became clear, a wave of popular feeling overthrew Sir Samuel Hoare. Yet at a moment when the Italian people is the victim of a tragedy for which English and French diplomats and American bankers are as much responsible as Mussolini himself, we find folk asking: "Mussolini, and what next?" and saying that Italy cannot get on without him and that consequently it is necessary to extricate him from his Abyssinian imbroglio to prevent a fresh wave of Communism in Europe.

We, the undersigned, have always regarded Fascist rule as inimical to the welfare of the Italian people and a danger to the peace of the world. In this time of terrible ordeal for the Italian people, when many even of those who were the accomplices of Mussolini's crimes are asking: "What next?" we answer: "Italy." We trust in the vitality, moral sanity and common sense of the Italian people. There was an Italy before Mussolini. There will be an Italy after him—a free Italy within the commonwealth of nations.

MAX ASCOLI — GUIDO FERRANDO
G. A. BORGESE — GAETANO SALVEMINI
MICHELE CANTARELLA — LIONELLO VENTURI

New York City.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF CONSTITUTIONAL MONARCHY

SIR,—The extraordinary reactions of our people to the Jubilee and to the recent "calamity" were convincingly explained by your article last week. We are probably too near to these happenings either to extricate ourselves from the psychological influences, or to regard any clear expression of the resulting anomalies as anything but indecent. These considerations, plus the typical good manners of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, were, no doubt, responsible for the reverent and uncritical manner in which the events were dealt with by you last week—except for the very pertinent citing of examples of Funeral exploitation by different classes of the community.

When James Maxton, M.P., returned to this city after the Jubilee Celebrations in London, he drew contrasting pictures of Glasgow, with its few odd flags dug up from Victorian occasions, and the universal pageantry exhibited in the capital, and stated that the people of London had been lifted off their feet by a "capitalist ramp." This reading of the events, plus the psychological explanations in your article, appear to me to fit the phenomena very well; especially since the people in the Metropolis are much more susceptible to stunts than are we morose folk of Scotland, far removed from the political centre both geographically and constitutionally. Such games as Frothblowing, Beaver, Boat-racing, and "Bob's-your-uncle" have never caught on in Scotland.

The missing factor is the exploiter. The absence from the public's experience of any but vague and distant evidence of human qualities in the personality of the monarch makes it necessary, as your article suggests, that there should be a liaison officer in the person of the nearest to the throne to provide for the public a picture of wisdom, honesty, goodness and truth both in the person of the monarch and of himself. This has been admirably accomplished by our present Prime Minister—whether honestly or as a student of mass psychology. Personally, I am convinced that the process is conscious, especially in view of the success of the Royalty wave, the engineered formation and maintenance of the National Government, the advent of the Ethiopian peace moves, and the consequent doubt of Mr. Baldwin's sincerity in supporting collective security—all due to emotional appeals.

Do not we gladly accept the constitutional monarchy, especially when faced with surrounding chaos even in the case of modern republics? Yet, is it not clear that the institution is, like the holy rites and paralysing atmosphere of Westminster, a valuable sheet anchor to reaction, and a safeguard to Conservatives against constitutional and economic reform?

45 Renfrew Street, HALBERT TATLOCK
Glasgow, C.2.

A BRITISH SOCIALISM

SIR,—Mr. J. A. Hobson, discussing Socialist planning in your last issue, seems to concede too many of the assumptions common among its critics. Firstly, he appears to assume the necessity,

in a socialist system, of the selection of his occupation for each citizen by the authorities. I do not see that it is inherent in planning that more be done than the creation of the right proportion of jobs and the provision of the corresponding proportion of occupational training, leaving each citizen free to choose within these limits. Moreover, while it is true that "most would prefer the work they could do best," it is also true that most would do best the work that they prefer, and the suggestion that planners will be competent to choose suitable occupation for each raises unnecessarily a highly debatable point. Surely the best will result from a combination of guidance with free choice, and one great benefit of a planned economy arises from the better correlation of training with work which will prevent excesses and deficiencies of supply to each occupation and the useless freedom to equip oneself for an occupation that is already, or is likely to become, overcrowded, while missing a perhaps equally attractive line of work for which one has not trained.

Secondly, Mr. Hobson assumes that a planned economy must be directed to supply "needs common to all consumers" and that the planner must "know what these needs are." Neither capitalist entrepreneur nor socialist planner can be fully successful without correctly gauging the needs of consumers, which may be ascertained by tentative production and by watching sales of established commodities. I see no reason why a socialist system should not plan for any size of market, fixed or variable: why it should not contain an experimental sector of production of new commodities on their trial; or why it should not continually adjust production to demand more efficiently than a capitalist economy. The vital improvements it would effect are, firstly, a more humane and equitable distribution of purchasing power and work, and, secondly, a minimising of waste in tentative production and in adjustment of supply, through the pooling of national resources and statistics.

Finally, is it not a fact that scientific and technological research are more effectively prosecuted by public bodies and large private corporations (which Mr. Hobson would presumably socialise): that very much of the flotation of novelties by capitalism involves a wicked exploitation of the public, both of purchasers and of investors; and that the artist and the inventor would be the better for the security and impartial patronage that are characteristic of public service? I cannot, therefore, agree that "there must always exist an important outlying area of economic needs which should be left for its supply to private enterprise" (i.e. to the private entrepreneur); for the private entrepreneur will never give the scope, the right direction, and the due reward to creative ability, as a fully socialist system would give, if rightly conceived and directed.

The Barn, Vann Lane, Godalming. R. McKINNON WOOD

THE ENGLISH SCHOOL THEATRE

SIR,—We should like to bring to the notice of your readers a scheme which embodies the organisation of an English School Theatre in London with visiting companies in the provinces.

There will be a permanent professional company which will give matinee performances of plays classical and modern in a theatre conveniently accessible to schools. By this means facilities would be provided which will make the Drama as much a part of the life of the school boy and girl as the cinema, and thus it is hoped to train the youth of to-day, which is the theatre audience of to-morrow, in a critical appreciation of and love for the Drama.

The School Theatre will in no way compete with the work of existing companies, which naturally cannot meet all the demands made by the schools. Its repertory will not include plays presented at the same time by other theatres, and the productions will be solely and entirely devoted to the service of the pupils. Sir Philip Ben Greet, so well known for his work in this connection, is the president of the English School Theatre, and indeed, regards it as the fulfilment of his life's work.

There will be a committee of people engaged in education, drama and production, and an educational panel will advise on problems arising from the work of the theatre. Educationists have been quick to realise how valuable a School Theatre can be to the school, and together with many educational bodies have already given their wholehearted support. £1,500 is needed to establish the theatre which will be conducted on a non-profit-making basis. Promises of support have been received from schools which are sufficient to guarantee that once in operation the enterprise will be self-supporting, and we cannot imagine that a project which holds such great possibilities both for education and for English drama should be allowed to fall through for the want of the initial sum.

May we appeal to your readers to make a sufficient response to enable the organisers to proceed with the work? The Hon. Treasurer is the Earl of Listowel. Cheques should be made payable to the account "The English School Theatre," Barclays Bank, 32, Strand, W.C.2.

Further information can be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Beatrice King, 43, Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E.1.

Signed:

THE EARL OF LISTOWEL, Hon Treasurer; PROFESSOR LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE, M.A.; SIR ERNEST BENN; RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF BESSBOROUGH, G.C.M.G.; DR. CYRIL L. BURT, M.A.; REV. H. COSTLEY-WHITE, D.D.; ALFRED DENVILLE, M.P.; ST. JOHN ERVINE; DR. G. P. GOOCH; ERIC HALL; SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE; PROFESSOR JULIAN HUXLEY; SIR JOHN MARTIN-HARVEY; ROBERT MAYER; A. A. MILNE; HON. HAROLD NICOLSON, C.M.G., M.P.; DR. CYRIL NORWOOD; SIR WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN; R. H. TAWNEY; GEOFFREY WHITWORTH; PROFESSOR L. A. WILLOUGHBY.

EDUCATION IN THE U.S.S.R.

SIR,—Recent changes in the Soviet educational system—the abolition of the Dalton plan and the project method, the decrease in the responsibilities imposed on pupils and students, and the reintroduction of examinations—have aroused considerable interest in this country. The Education Tour to the U.S.S.R. organised annually by the Society for Cultural Relations is therefore of particular interest this year.

The tour will take place during the Easter holidays (April 8th–29th) and will be under the leadership of Dr. C. W. Kimmins and Mrs. Beatrice King. All types of educational institutions will be visited and opportunities arranged for personal contact with leading Soviet educationists. Full particulars regarding travel questions, cost, and programme can be obtained from the Secretary of the Society for Cultural Relations, 21 Bloomsbury Square, W.C.1 (Museum 5254).

BEATRICE WEBB
J. J. MALLON
(Vice-Presidents)

THE POLICE AND THE PACIFISTS

SIR,—Your readers may recollect that on July 16th, 1935, protests were made in the House of Commons, during the debate on the Home Office Vote, against illegal police interference with pacifist activities at the Air Displays at Hendon, Mildenhall and Duxford. Mr. E. L. Mallalieu and Mr. Harcourt Johnstone vigorously challenged the right of the police to confiscate pacifist literature and to harry and arrest perfectly orderly pacifist and anti-war propagandists.

In view of the behaviour of the police at the Hendon Air Display, my Council, co-operating with the Cambridge Scientists Anti-War Group, sent observers to the Displays at Mildenhall and Duxford. We were able to collect a considerable volume of first-hand evidence of the grossly improper actions of the police at these Displays.

The Legal Panel of my Council arranged for Dr. Wooster of Cambridge University (one of the distributors whose literature had been confiscated) to issue summonses against Chief Constable Varney Webb and Sergeant Sussum of the Cambridge Police. The case came on recently in the Cambridge County Court before His Honour Judge Farrant. The only issue at this trial was whether the police did or did not exceed their duty by confiscating the pacifist literature, but a number of irrelevant matters were raised and the witnesses for Dr. Wooster were closely questioned as to their private opinions and as to whether they endorsed every word that was contained in the "Air Display Special."

All our observers reported that at Mildenhall and Duxford the crowds were friendly in their attitude towards the sellers and distributors. The police, however, alleged (*a*) that certain persons had objected to the pacifist literature, (*b*) that it was thought that a breach of the peace would result from the distribution, and (*c*) that the police were considering bringing a charge against the distributors under the Incitement to Disaffection Act, 1934—notwithstanding the fact that it must have been perfectly well known to the police that they had no such authority under this Act and

that any powers of search and seizure could only be granted to them on the warrant of a Judge of the High Court and that such powers would devolve only on an officer not below the rank of Inspector. When pressed as to his reasons for confiscating the pamphlets Sergeant Sussum stuck resolutely to the answer, " It was my duty to prevent a breach of the peace." Nevertheless, he admitted that the persons who are alleged to have objected made no attempt whatever to create any breach of the peace and that they contented themselves with expressions of disapproval. When these persons were subsequently placed in the witness box they admitted that they did not intend to carry out any breach of the peace.

In giving judgment for Dr. Wooster and in awarding nominal damages against the police, the Judge said : " In acting as he did I consider that Sergeant Sussum went rather beyond what he was in law entitled to do, and that, as a matter of law, he really had no reasonable ground to apprehend a breach of the peace. And I further find that a breach of the peace would not have been the natural consequence of the exhibition of these pamphlets."

This judgment is of very considerable importance to all the progressive movements, and my Council will be grateful if any of your readers who know of authentic instances of police interference with pacifist and left-wing activities will communicate the full facts to this office for legal investigation.

RONALD KIDD
Secretary.

The National Council for Civil Liberties,
99a Charing Cross Road,
London, W.C.2.

IRISH HOUSEKEEPING

SIR,—As an Irishman resident in England, I felt deeply grateful to you for publishing Mr. Carter's splendid article on De Valera's work in the southern part of Ireland under his control. It was a fine appreciation of a statesman who has done more than anybody since Parnell to remove from his fellow countrymen the characteristics of serfdom, bred by centuries of feudalism. The letter which you publish in your present issue from Mr. W. P. C. of Dublin, a letter which its author did not think worthy of his full signature, rivals in idiocy a recent article by a conservative Irish senator in the tabloid Tory press.

This extraordinary Irish Socialist finds fault with our President for imposing an import duty on tea and butter. As we produce more butter in Ireland than we need, an import duty on that commodity cannot affect the poor, while the consumption of tea has done more damage to the bodies and minds of the Irish poor than the exactions of Irish landlords in the past. A tax of five shillings a pound on that nerve-wrecking, foul beverage would be more to my liking.

Furthermore, he claims that a community of peasant proprietors is a force of ignorance, reaction and superstition. France is such a community, without being ignorant, reactionary or superstitious ; at least, far less so than Germany or the United States of America, which are both organised on the basis of large-scale production of food and industrial commodities.

I do not belong to Mr. De Valera's school of political thought. I believe that the U.S.S.R. claims the allegiance of every civilised person in the world to-day. However, I believe at the same time, that any Irishman who fails to appreciate the magnificent work being done by President De Valera is an enemy of his country.

Thanking you and Mr. Carter for your courtesy towards a much maligned but noble statesman.

LIAM O'FLAHERTY

Miscellany

MUSIC FOR CEREMONIAL OCCASIONS

I DO not possess a wireless set and therefore I rarely hear the radio programmes of the B.B.C., but it so happens that I heard the funeral service at St. George's Chapel last week, and this together with the music played during the funeral procession and the hymn sung at the Royal Philharmonic Society's concert in the Queen's Hall on the following Thursday have been the source of some reflections on the music used on such public and ceremonious occasions such as I have not seen expressed elsewhere.

The B.B.C. was not responsible for the service at St. George's Chapel, which in any case it could not have failed to broadcast, but it completely missed its opportunity to meet the important occasion of the King's death by supplying music appropriate to the time and to the feelings of the public. Scotchmen are notoriously at sea in understanding the nature of Englishmen, and are perhaps always inclined to mistake solemnity for seriousness ; the bleak blankness of the B.B.C. during the period immediately after the King's death was reminiscent of nothing so much as a typical Scotch Sunday in the days of Sir John Reith's youth. The idea that great music is just what is most fitting to an occasion of public mourning, when the unwonted seriousness of mood had prepared millions of people (who, knowing nothing better than jazz or crooning, were suddenly at a loss) to hear and perhaps to realise for the first time the beauty and profundity of our classical inheritance in music, never seems to have occurred to the B.B.C., which simply cancelled its one Symphony concert on the Wednesday after the King's death and then cancelled its special concert on Wednesday last (February 5th), apparently because of overwork, due to the cancellation of the previous concert.

Perhaps, however, the musicians attached to the B.B.C. are as much to blame as anybody for the failure to use this opportunity properly, but, whether this be so or not at the B.B.C., I presume that the music at St. George's Chapel was under the control of the organist of St. George's, who has followed Sir Walford Davies in this position. Knowing something of what musicians have to suffer at times from the depredations of the clergy into their special sphere, I should hesitate even to ascribe the musical portion of the service at St. George's wholly to the organist, but it was, nevertheless, in my opinion, the weakest part of the service.

" I heard a Voice from Heaven," which was sung by the choir after the hymn " Abide with Me," is an utterly uninspired piece and therefore, given its words, dangerously near to the ludricrous in its effect on any such solemn occasion ; a similar disproportion exists between the intention of the words and the actual musical setting of " God Be in My Head and in My Understanding," which was sung by the choir after the proclamation of the new King by the Garter Principal King of Arms. In fact, it may be said that *within* the Chapel the music contributed nothing to the effect of the service, which was chiefly embellished by the fine diction of the Bishop of Winchester reading the lesson and by the prayers of the two Archbishops, who spoke admirably.

I am not very familiar with church music, but I cannot believe that there does not exist far better and more appropriate music than was used on this occasion in St. George's Chapel. If there is none better, then here is a chance for contemporary English composers to do something that is badly needed. But I am not very hopeful that they will rise to the occasion, for we seem somehow to have lost the gift of simple and sincere utterance, at least for the time being. If anyone doubts this I would like to call his attention to the beautiful old lament played by the pipers of the Cameron Highlanders—I think it was—outside St. George's Chapel. It was the best British music heard throughout the day. It is, I believe, the old folk-tune known as " The Flowers of the Forest " and it is extraordinarily affecting. But all the music played by the military bands during the London procession was good and all of it was well played. Chopin's Funeral March and the Dead March from Handel's *Saul* are too well known to need comment, but they were played with a fine discretion, and we were not given too much of them. Personally, I hope that on the occasion of the Coronation every effort will be made by the authorities to supply a sufficiency of military bands from all parts of the Commonwealth of Nations, Crown Colonies and other Dominions that make up the British Empire. Speaking as an ordinary citizen and not as a politician, I am more free to utter what I am sure is the wish of the ordinary man in this respect without fear of being thought a militarist or a jingoist. Bands are the life-blood of public spectacles, and military bands provide the most gay and exhilarating of all possible open-air music. There cannot be too many of

them in a procession of this sort. I should like to hear also in the Coronation procession the native music of every corner of the Realm played on the instruments proper to the people of the respective parts. The fact that the British Empire is not perfect and needs the laborious daily work of social reformers and pioneers of every kind to improve it should not blind us to the very real glory of its actuality or prevent us from making in London a proper festive occasion on the Coronation. The public will want a festival, and it should have the best that can be got so that we may truly rejoice in what we have to rejoice before we are all dead and buried.

And this brings me to the hymn, "For All the Saints Who from Their Labours Rest," set to music by Dr. R. Vaughan Williams, which was sung standing at the beginning of the Royal Philharmonic Society's concert on Thursday, January 30th. Unlike practically all my colleagues I thought this a singularly unimpressive hymn both as regards words and music. How can people to-day take seriously such words as:

> "From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
> Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
> Singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
> Alleluya!"

I do not know. To me those words—and I say it reluctantly, and with due respect to all those who think differently—mean nothing at all. I feel also that the music was composed in the same now unreal convention as the words, without personal conviction, and hence without effect upon the listener. The habit of saying and singing and composing what we do not wholeheartedly believe is fatal to the production of real works of art, but it is almost universal in official quarters to-day.

W. J. TURNER

DEATH'S ROUNDABOUT

BEELZEBUB is lord of flies;
He's very subtle, coiled, and wise.
He's underhand and full of sin,
And bites his tail that he may win.

His dapper flies sailed down the stream
Like little yachts, their wings agleam,
Their wings cocked upwards to the sun,
For they were out for sin and fun!

But in the pool a great trout swam,
Who cared not for their joy a damn;
He gobbled down those careless things,
Ate up their bodies, legs, and wings.

But watching them an angler stood,
Who knew such greed was to his good.
He switched his rod, and cast *his* fly.
The great trout rose—but rose to die.

But soon his cup was overfull:
Intent, he had not heard the bull.
It came behind, and told him plain.
The sky was filled with death and pain.

The village people rose in rage
And cried the beast must pay its wage.
The butcher came and bashed it dead.
It drowned a mouse the way it bled.

'Tis now apparent as the Sun
That those upstarting wings had won;
For blue flies from the slaughter-house
Consumed the bull's guts and the mouse.

You've heard it all, you nobly wise,
The great destruction wrought by flies;
So when you next thump on a tub
Denounce the fiend Beelzebub.

HERBERT PALMER

THE COMIC TRUTH

A PLAY about St. Helena—one knows what to expect: the fallen hero, tormented by his cruel captors but consoled by the devotion of a few faithful followers, a new Prometheus nailed upon a rock:

> Evanouissement d'une splendeur immense!
> Du soleil qui se lève à la nuit qui commence,
> Toujours l'isolement, l'abandon, la prison;
> Un soldat rouge au seuil, la mer à l'horizon.

In *St. Helena* at the Old Vic, Jeanne de Casalis and R. C. Sherriff have preferred the truth, the pitiful, squalid and comic truth. The English do not care for telling the truth about Napoleon: like fishermen, they pay themselves a compliment by exaggerating the stature of their victim. But across the Channel they do not forget that Napoleon left France smaller than he found it; and I suspect that it was Mademoiselle de Casalis rather than Mr. Sherriff who made such a painfully realistic affair of *St. Helena*.

The admiration still excited by Napoleon seems to me profoundly saddening: it shows how small still is the advance we Europeans have made from savagery. He was, unluckily, a genius, a man of most extraordinary ability. But of all great men he was the most ignoble. I do not know of one disinterested action which can be attributed to him—he was, indeed, long-suffering, foolishly so, with his family, but this was mere Corsican clannishness: he was not usually revengeful, but this was mere cynicism. (Though millions of men died for him, he did not expect any man to be less self-seeking than himself.) Consequently he inspired devotion only in simple people who did not know him. The companions of his captivity incurred the reproaches first of Napoleon, then of a sentimental posterity, for not supporting more gracefully the distresses attached to life at St. Helena. But it was not the climate or the solitude or the *tracasseries* of Sir Hudson Lowe which made the life intolerable, it was the singularly unamiable character of Napoleon. He had been odious during the years of triumph, and the bitterness of disaster did nothing to sweeten his behaviour. Here, in truth, is the material of savage comedy. But I must not give the impression that the authors of this play have loaded the dice against Napoleon: actually they omit much of his pettiness, the habit, for instance, of making his companions stand for hour upon hour in his presence, and his attempts to get what he wanted from them by promising, like a cunning old woman, to remember them in his will. In the last scene, moreover, he is allowed to make one of his speeches about his noble ideals, and probably most of the audience are moved, not realising that this was just eyewash for the benefit of his memory. No, the authors have been more than fair to Napoleon. And if the figure which emerges is comically unpleasant, it is because the portrait is so faithful.

Almost every line of the play comes from history: the play is a brilliantly contrived mosaic of recorded remarks. The difficulty of bringing suspense—which is the breath of the theatre—into a chronicle play has not been entirely overcome. Some scenes drag, notably O'Meara's farewell, the conversation about religion, and the death-scene. The authors, however, show an extraordinary sense of the theatre: though there is little suspense, there is continual action and variety of mood. The birthday dinner-party with the earthquake and the talk about milk and the cow is comedy of the first order, and so is the scene in which Napoleon directs a campaign of gardeners, moves peach-trees like batteries, and falls asleep in the middle of it. (Faithfulness to the facts has here turned comedy to farce.) Perhaps the best scene in the play shows the arrival of the new doctor and two priests sent out by the avarice of Madame Mère, "a paralytic, a cretin, and a lout"—here the cruelty of the comedy becomes macabre.

Mr. Keneth Kent as Napoleon rarely leaves the stage, and his performance is a remarkable *tour de force*. Incidentally, he has just the right appearance, which is important. I thought in the first scenes that he was too brisk (Napoleon was already

a lethargic, finished man), but I then saw that this was dramatically necessary, in order to prepare a contrast in the closing scenes. He also suggested, in his intonations, a delicate sense of humour which the Emperor never possessed. There were no signs of "greatness" about this Napoleon—unless sudden flares of ferocity can be so interpreted, but that is the fault not of the actor or of the authors, but of Napoleon himself. Outside his military and political activities he had no greatness to show: he was vulgar, histrionic, and entirely without magnanimity. Mr. Keneth Kent is the most convincing Napoleon I ever expect to see.

The other parts are all subsidiary, but were well performed, especially Mr. William Devlin's O'Meara. Mr. Cecil Trouncer was effective as Sir Hudson Lowe, but I don't think he got him right. He gave him the fussiness of a *petit-maître* where we wanted the officiousness of a sergeant-major. He was, in fact, altogether too gentlemanly. Mr. Clement McCollin both played and looked the part of Gourgaud to perfection.

The first night of a play is almost always the worst: and the slowness at the Old Vic was probably all due to under-rehearsal. But with judicious cuts this play ought to obtain the long run which it deserves. It is the most entertaining, as well as the most veracious, reconstruction of the past that I have ever seen in a theatre. RAYMOND MORTIMER

THE MUSE'S OFF DAY

"The Dog Beneath the Skin." By W. H. AUDEN and CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD. Produced by Rupert Doone at the Westminster Theatre.

Those who have read the book of this play will remember that it is two-thirds heavily rhyming Gilbertian charade, with a few fine prose speeches, to one-third chorus, the choruses being typical ascetic examples of Auden's verse, though not his best. If a play has got to be written in doggerel which often breaks into song, the only thing to do is to treat it as comic opera, and make it more Gilbertian still. Handed over to Messrs. Cole Porter, Cecil Beaton, and Oliver Messel with a cast of singers and a lavish production something might be made of it. As it was, the bareness of the stage reflected the poverty of the lines—such death scenes as

ALAN: You shall not die!
CHIMP: No, Alan, no.
The surgeon now
Is ignorant as a dove.
To Iris my love [Dies]

are either satirical (if so, of what?) or intentional, in which case no acting can disguise their banality. The play in fact must disappoint any who were not disappointed by the book. The charades are average undergraduate satire, a scene in a red-light district, where pity is the prevailing emotion, a Hitler skit, a hospital skit, a gala night at a big hotel (*Children of the Ritz* was better), a village fête. In between the charades came the spoken chorus. Mr. Gyles Isham and Miss Turleigh came before the curtain and harangued the audience with a fine austerity. It was irritating to note the didactic quality of these choruses, the authentic rallying cries of homo-communism, and also their slightly forced lyricism, insisting on the beauty of birds and the tragedy of departing puberty after each roistering scene. Of course, Auden's diction and imagery are always fresh and tonic, but I think the note of intimidation, the "You there with a lotus, you will learn to get used to bloaters" type of thing comes out much more when the choruses are spoken than when read. The play, unfortunately, is somewhat altered from the script, the censorship would have appeared to have operated almost entirely on religious grounds, and a different and unsatisfactory ending has been substituted. One misses the magnificent sermon (previously published as the sermon of an armaments manufacturer) which was the best thing in the script, and also Destructive Desmond which I am sure would have been admirable "theatre." There was no scenery, the lighting and grouping were excellent. It is hard to criticise the actors, for their roles gave them little opportunity and their lines less, but Mr. Schnabel was charming as Grabstein, Mr. Glyn Jones and Mr. Walter Ellis life-like as the two reporters, and Mr. Wincott spoke well as the Dog. The women made the best of their small derogatory roles. The fault of *The Dog Beneath the Skin* (whose wanderings I took to symbolise the cynical interlude in a young man's life, before the romanticism of adolescence is converted into the Communist ideal of service) lies deep, and is based on a misconception of the role of the poet. I think Auden is the only poet of any real stature since Eliot, but he is essentially an obscure, difficult, personal writer. His muse resembles that of Yeats, Blake, Donne, not that of Kipling and Tyrtaeus. He may be a better man and will certainly be a happier man for trying to get in touch with the masses, but his work will suffer. I know this is the point of view of the anarchic 1920's about the political 1930's—but there are younger writers: Dylan Thomas, Barker, and Sykes Davis, who couldn't be more esoteric if they tried—and they don't have to try. I conclude with an example—quotation one is from a sonnet sequence of Auden's (New Verse 1933), quotation two, from the play, shows the effect of making the discreditable experience of escapist love more palatable to the comrades:

(i) I see it often since you've been away;
The island, the veranda, and the fruit;
The tiny steamer breaking from the bay;
The literary mornings with its hoot,
Our ugly comic servant; and then you
Lovely and willing every afternoon.
But find myself with my routine to do
And knowing that I shall forget you soon.

(ii) 1st Mad Lady. "Seen when night was silent,
The bean-shaped island
And our ugly comic servant
Who is observant.
O the veranda and the fruit,
The tiny steamer in the bay,
Startling summer with its hoot.
You have gone away."

So our happy life of shame is still safe for a while.

C. C.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Sauce for the Goose"

Strauss once wrote a ballet called "Schlagobers," which failed for the reason that the cream was not whipped enough. Mr. Carlton's play at the St. Martin's misses fire because the cream, though there, is enclosed in much too solid a bun. Mr. Wyndham Goldie—an admirable actor in himself—showed not a suspicion of light-heartedness as the philandering Baron, nor did Miss Nora Swinburne, as the Girl from Blankneys, give the slightest hint of the exquisite surprise of finding a more serious emotion than the flippant entertainment she was expecting. It is always a disappointment to be fobbed off with castle pudding instead of *Baba au rhum* and this type of play, which is at its best of the frothiest description, needs the lightest of hands, the best of ingredients, and the most thorough of whisks. Only Miss Kay Hammond, enchanting as always, pouted her way to victory through the role of the musical comedy actress, whose defection in favour of a heavier sugar caused all the trouble. Mr. Carlton has written some very amusing lines and the piece would make a brilliant light film with Chevalier, Colbert, Edward Everett Horton and Miss Hammond, but this production misses the boat; for it is *aussi mondain que le faubourg*, instead of being *plus Royal que le Palais*.

"In Person," at the Plaza

The first quarter of an hour of this picture was devoted to showing how much plainer the make-up man can make Ginger Rogers than she really is. But her figure was left superlative, as Nature fashioned it. Still, her disguise was almost complete. I must say she had me fooled. I thought she was Carole Lombard, underneath. Then, when she removed wig, spectacles, and false teeth, it was nice to see those blurred but perky features again . . . and the film goes on being quite reasonably bright all through. George Brent tamed the neurotic film-star (Miss Rogers) the stolid way—and he certainly is stolid enough to be convincing. There are, of course, excellent reasons why Hollywood should go on making these films about wilful cuties being called to order in the one way they don't understand and therefore respond to. How many of the eighteen-million-odd weekly filmgoers are women? And, for that matter, how many of them

are men? The women must have loved her for getting her face *really* covered with soot. And personally I admit I liked seeing her look eight-foot tall in the last sequence, when she threw off all pretence and danced. A pleasant, easy little picture; and in *Her Master's Voice*, on the same bill, Edward Everett Horton proved again that, given good lines, he's in the Charles Ruggles–Roland Young class of sly, observant, humorous acting. No, even without the good lines, he gets there just the same.

Constant Lambert's New Work

At the B.B.C.'s last symphony concert a new work by Mr. Constant Lambert entitled *Summer's Last Will and Testament* was performed for the first time and under the composer's direction. It is a long and ambitious piece described as a "Masque for Orchestra, Chorus and Baritone Solo" (words by Thomas Nashe) in seven sections, two of which are purely orchestral. The scheme of the work is really a development from the rural and pastoral joys of Summer, through the ripeness of Autumn, the melancholy of Winter to the terror of the plague "King Pest," whose horrors are suggested in what is perhaps the most individual and convincing section of the score, the final gruesome Saraband "Adieu! Farewell Earth's Bliss." The Intrata (Pastorale and Siciliana), for orchestra only, is quiet and pleasing, if undistinguished, but Section II, the Madrigal cru ritornelli, and Section III, Coranto, are dry and lacking in expression. In fact, a certain efficient dryness, but not of a biting, exhilarating kind, is characteristic of the work as a whole, which is, however, a fine piece of craftsmanship and thoroughly worthy of the great capacity and intelligence of the composer. It is to be hoped that we shall soon have an opportunity of hearing this composition again for it is difficult to judge such a large-scale work on a single performance.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, February 7th—
- Miss Jean Thompson on "Social and Administrative Factors in the Housing Problem," Conway Hall, 7.30 p.m.
- W. H. Auden on "Poetry and the Film," Y.M.C.A. Central Club, Tottenham Court Road, 8.

SUNDAY, February 9th—
- Prof. F. Aveling on "The Will in Greek Philosophy," Conway Hall, 11.
- Ronald Kidd on "The Position of Our Civil Rights To-day," Marx House, Clerkenwell Green, 7.30.
- "L'Heure du Berger," Arts Theatre Club.
- "The Stars Foretell," Aldwych.

MONDAY, February 10th—
- Public Meeting: "Youth Unites for Peace." Vyvyan Adams, etc., Caxton Hall, 8.
- Miss Dorothy L. Sayers on "The Future of the Mystery Novel," Institute of Education," 7.30.
- Miss Lucy Mair on "World Conciliation and Its Problems: Modifications in the Colonial System," Conway Hall, 8.30.
- "Genius in the Store," Croydon Repertory Theatre.
- "Maskerade," Everyman Cinema Theatre.
- "Private Company," Embassy.

TUESDAY, February 11th—
- G. P. Gooch on "The Outlook in Europe," Kensington Town Hall, 5.30.
- Debate: "That the Catholic Opposition to Divorce is Anti-Social and Immoral," Conway Hall, 7.
- Rev. B. C. Plowright on "Christian Pacificism and Community," Friends House, 1.20.
- B. Lubetkin on "Town Planning and Building Legislation and its Effect on Architecture and Design," Conway Hall, 8.
- New Ballet: Apparitions, Sadlers Wells, 8.30.

WEDNESDAY, February 12th—
- Major N. B. Hunter on "Is Abyssinia Doomed?" Conway Hall, 8.
- "Out of the Dark," Ambassadors.
- "Various Heavens," Gate.

THURSDAY, February 13th—
- Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
- Noel Baker on "British Foreign Policy," Hampstead Garden Suburb Institute, 8.15.
- Conference on Colonial Problems. The Teachers' Anti-War Movement, 29 Gordon Square, W.C.1, 6.30.

The Manager thanks

all those readers who have so promptly responded to his invitation in last week's issue asking for names and addresses of friends to whom he might send a specimen copy and an attractive offer for an initial subscription. He also acknowledges, with equal gratitude, the congratulations upon the paper's circulation and the good wishes for its continued success, which readers have kindly expressed when sending in names.

The invitation is repeated this week as there must be hundreds, if not thousands, of other regular readers who can think of a few possible new readers among their friends and acquaintances. Will *every reader*, please, jot down on a postcard or sheet of paper as many suitable names and addresses as he or she can think of, and address it to

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THOSE who read *Letters from India, being a selection from the Correspondence of Victor Jacquemont*, 1829–1832, translated by Catherine Alison Phillips (Macmillan, 21s.) may easily lose their hearts. The title is not promising but the portrait of the author is attractive—it shows a resolute, self-confident, intelligent face with an expression at the same time gay and serious. He was the son of an idealist republican of noble family, a kinsman of La Fayette's who suffered imprisonment and exile until the fall of Bonaparte and devoted his life to writing a philosophical treatise in which humanitarianism and radical politics were allied with a belief in reason and in human perfectibility. Victor was brought up almost as a son by the old Marquis de La Fayette, and was educated as a scientist, studying Botany and Geology under Cuvier at the Jardin des Plantes. Though twenty years younger, he was an intimate friend and admirer of Stendhal's, who asked his advice about *De L'Amour* while he was writing it, and he was a friend of Mérimée's. The portrait on the cover is by Mérimée's mother. Jacquemont was musical, adoring Mozart and sharing Stendhal's admiration for Rossini, and he fell badly in love with a young Italian opera-singer who, though she sang to him and taught him Italian, and read Shakespeare and Alfieri with him, did not return his passion. To shake off this infatuation Jacquemont paid a visit to the United States, from which he went on to Havana, where one of his brothers was a sugar-planter. During his absence he was offered the job of travelling to India to collect specimens for the Jardin des Plantes, and this selection of his letters describes his adventures while so engaged. Before setting out he went to England to get his passport and secure letters of introduction. He found, to his surprise, that English people liked him at first sight. According to Mérimée, his charm consisted of complete freedom from affectation, absolute frankness and a very attractive voice, while his one fault was his intolerance of stupidity. Stendhal scolded him for this and asked him if he thought that people were born stupid on purpose. "I really don't know," replied Jacquemont in a surly voice.

* * *

He had very little money but excellent introductions, and on his arrival in Calcutta found that all the best houses were open to him. Lord William Bentinck, the Governor-General, and his wife took an instant liking to him and found they had numbers of friends in common in Paris. All the English people he met were immensely rich, immensely bored, and Jacquemont entertained them and called them out of themselves by his lack of reserve.

> I do not know how I inspire such confidence in these people; but they pour out their hearts to me at once, quite frankly about things they are afraid to say to one another after an acquaintanceship of many years. . . . The Lord Chief Justice, Sir Charles Grey, was the first to warn me that Lady Ryan was very strict and that . . . I might find Sunday very gloomy in that house. He accordingly invited me to take refuge with him that day, so that at least we might dine and go for a ride together and have a game of chess in the evening, while his wife made music close at hand.

Jacquemont's father was obviously afraid that his son's unfortunate love-affair might have permanent results. Victor was aware of this preoccupation, and tried to cheer his father up by making the most of every occasion when he enjoyed the company of the other sex. He was a good deal attracted by Lady Grey and, at a party, rejoiced in her beauty while he looked at the dullards that thronged round them.

> In the morning these idiots gallop on magnificent Arab horses while I trot along, more or less in my dressing-gown, . . . on a pony. . . . No doubt they despise me for this; but in the evening you see them entering the room with some daw in peacock's feathers on their arm, and that is when I have my revenge, as I offer my arm to Lady Grey. . . . Goodnight, dear father; you may conclude, if you please, "*that I am too great an admirer of the foretold lady, and that it is high time for me to depart.*"

Also he dutifully makes the most of the two occasions when he enjoyed the company of a nautch girl.

* * *

The slavishness of the ordinary Hindus aroused his disgust and contempt; it was only when he got among the Rajputs, the Sikhs and the Pathans that he found men that appealed to him. Everything he saw in the Native States convinced him of the enormous benefits of British rule, while:

> In these vast regions the condition of humankind does not seem capable of any improvement or change so long as religious ideas in them remain the same; and Hinduism seems immovable.

The only hope for improvement was by the diffusion of Western civilisation. Jacquemont found both Hinduism and Buddhism repellent.

> Sanscrit is like one of those machines which are never seen outside museums and collections, being ingenious rather than useful. It has served no purpose save to fabricate theology, metaphysics, history with a mixture of theology, and other nonsense of the same sort; a doubly and trebly nonsensical rigmarole both to the manufacturer and consumer. . . . Try reading Schlegel. . . . Is there not a family resemblance between the absurdity of Benares and the absurdity of Germany? . . . The Tibetan Encyclopaedia is strong in astrology, theology, alchemy, medicine and other nonsense of the sort, no doubt translated from the Sanscrit at a remote period. If only M. Csoma will give it to us in German, and M. D'Eckstein translate it from German into French, we shall have nonsense raised to the fourth power.

It is refreshing to find that awful bore, the Wisdom of the East, being treated in this way.

* * *

As an explorer and scientist, Jacquemont was daring, patient and thorough, and his letters are full of exciting moments. He mastered Hindustani and Persian and, with the slenderest equipment, drove his men over the Himalayan passes, across the frontier into Tibet. On the borders of the Punjab, then the centre of Ranjit Singh's Sikh empire, his great chance came. A French adventurer, M. Allard, had slowly drifted East, and had finally become the Generalissimo of the Sikh army. Hearing of his fellow-countryman, he sent him a warm invitation to visit him, and Jacquemont accepted it. The young Frenchman's policy of absolute straightforwardness, which he employed almost cynically (we have only to be the decent fellows we naturally are to disconcert them, by never seeing hints and saying everything clearly and out loud) astonished and captivated the extremely subtle and wily Ranjit Singh, who set spies on his guest and laid traps for him in vain. With bland finesse, Jacquemont picked the spy out and engaged him as his secretary. Ranjit Singh loaded him with presents and allowed him to set out to Kashmir, from which no white man had returned alive during the previous fifty years. On this journey, Jacquemont was often in the greatest danger, but by treating threats and threateners with the utmost contempt and assuming the airs of a great sovereign, he overawed all the robbers and bandits who beset his path and made them grovel before him. On his return to Lahore, Ranjit Singh offered him the Viceroyalty of Kashmir, which he firmly declined, just as he had resolutely refused to go on a hunting expedition which had been got up in his honour but which would have interfered with his researches. He was rewarded by the title of *Plato of the Universe*, which caused him the keenest pleasure. Loaded with eleven packing-cases of specimens, and a barrel of different species of pickled fish, he set off to return to Europe via Bombay. But he had stayed too long in India. Before he could get a passage, he fell ill, an abscess of the liver was diagnosed and he died. Jacquemont is a most attractive letter-writer. Every line is fresh and intimate and the deep love for his father and brother is beautifully expressed. I cannot help feeling that much of his fascination for his contemporaries was that he was a man of the future. Like Stendhal, his sensibility and interest in character and attitude to life was that of a much later age. He has the fascination of Stendhal's heroes—more than theirs indeed, for unlike them there was no trace of the cad in his make-up. Incidentally this book is one of the best translations from the French that I remember. DAVID GARNETT

NEW NOVELS

Mud and Stars. By ROBERT CLIVE. *Constable.* 7s. 6d.
The Last Civilian. By ERNST GLAESER. Trans. by G. DAVID and E. MOSBACHER. *Nicholson and Watson.* 7s. 6d.
She Loved an Old Man. By ELISABETH SCHUCHT. Trans. by BASIL CREIGHTON. *Cape.* 5s.
Michael and His Angels. By LEWIS GIBBS. *Dent.* 7s. 6d.
The Son of Marietta. By JOHAN FABRICIUS. Trans. by IRENE CLEPHANE and DAVID HALLETT. *Gollancz.* 9s. 6d.
The Boy from Apulia. By RICHARD OKE. *Barker.* 10s. 6d.

Ernest Hemingway is not a writer who admits of successful imitation; yet there are very few young modern novelists who—if only for a few lines, in the turn of a sentence or the management of a scrap of dramatic dialogue—have quite escaped the fascination of his books. Mr. Clive sticks closer than most disciples. It would be unfair, however, to suggest that *Mud and Stars*—a title that scarcely does justice to an interesting and well-written story—was a pastiche of Mr. Hemingway's method; for, though the manner may be derived, the matter is all the novelist's own and bears the mark both of intelligent thinking and deep feeling; and thought, as distinct from emotion, is not an ingredient for which the author of *The Sun also Rises* and *A Farewell to Arms* has ever had much use. Here is a personal story, with a political background. Peter is a journalist, working as foreign correspondent in Berlin during the closing months of 1932. News is scarce, issues confused, rumours fantastic and innumerable; while over the entire city hangs a dark cloud of anxiety and suspense.

Mud and Stars is not the first novel I have read that described Berlin in the troubled period just before the Nazi revolution; but certainly it is one of the most evocative. Indeed, as a political commentary, the book is a great deal more interesting than as a study of passion and separation. The love-story remains always a little vague; and Caroline, the English wife of a German official, afterwards obliged to leave Germany because his ancestry includes some remote non-Aryan strain, is a charming yet not a very convincing figure. At this point, the influence of Hemingway—particularly the Hemingway of *A Farewell to Arms*—becomes rather too obvious. Brisk inconsequent dialogue—lovers' prattle, with the tears not far away, alcoholic back-chat between old friends—pads out episode after episode. Now and then the effect is to bring a blush to the reader's cheek.

Nevertheless, I recommend *Mud and Stars* as a book more sensible than the ordinary, with more substance to it than is usually purchasable at the exorbitant price of seven-and-six. It may not add to one's knowledge of human nature; but it throws a curious and fascinating sidelight on the state of mind by which revolutions are usually preceded—general dissatisfaction: a feeling that life cannot go on as it is: a tendency to throw the blame for every disaster on to "the system," which is equally responsible for the degradation of private morals and the limitless confusion of public affairs. The Nazis succeeded because, in the absence of any genuine plan, they had an energy, a strength of purpose, an unscrupulous determination that every other party seems to have lacked. Even Herr Glaeser, whose book, *The Last Civilian*, is a resolute attack on the principles of the Nazi regime, would admit that their accession filled—at least temporarily—a very definite psychological want. *The Last Civilian* is a story of disillusionment. Here the scene is laid, not in Berlin, but in a small Rhineland town, Siebenwasser. Hither returns the enlightened and philanthropic Bäuerle, who has made a fortune in Baltimore, accompanied by a young and sentimental daughter. But no sooner have they arrived than the old Germany (of which Bäuerle has dreamed during his years of exile) begins to give way to the new Germany of Hitler, Goebbels and Göring. In the last chapter, Bäuerle is recrossing the Atlantic, taking with him Irene and her bastard child.

A long book and, in parts, exceedingly ponderous, *The Last Civilian* contains a number of savage and illuminating portraits. Among the best is that of Kalahne, Nazi propagandist and medicine-man, who wove his mystical web around everything—"the economic crisis, unemployment, capitalism, the Stock Exchange crash. He presented them all in the light of an age-old conspiracy. . . . The Pope was the Whore of Babylon. France, hotbed of Freemasonry and Marxism, was no longer the France of the Pan-Germans. . . . She was represented now in the guise of an African idol. Just as she betrayed the Nordic blood of the Huguenots, so was she preparing now for the final blow, the breaking of the German race." *The Last Civilian* has been well translated; but, if it achieves a second impression, the quotation from Goethe on page 375, which gives point to the whole speech that follows, deserves a second set of inverted commas.

How different is the mild, sentimental and elegiac atmosphere of *She Loved an Old Man*! The authoress has fallen back on the time-honoured device of telling her story with the help of a series of imaginary letters; and these letters, addressed to a sympathetic woman friend and dated from the beginning of 1930 to January 1933, relate the tragedy of a passionate, sensitive, intelligent and attractive woman, married to a crippled ex-soldier, who experiences, but fails to enjoy, two successive extra-marital love-affairs, the first with a doctor who is, incidentally, her husband's best friend, the second with an elderly foreign diplomatist, whose age robs the *liaison* of its happy ending. The result is pleasant without being particularly remarkable. As the epigraph of her novel, Fraulein Schucht has chosen Stendhal's famous declaration: "I know only one law: be clear." But, although this maxim might be applied, very usefully, to several other novels on the list, Fraulein Schucht's interpretation is slightly naive. She is so simple that the effect is rather insipid: so brief that the impression conveyed is a trifle bald.

Michael and His Angels proves hard to describe. Mr. Lewis Gibbs has eschewed a great many faults, common to the average contemporary novelist; but, in doing so, he has given his book a rather old-fashioned and—at moments—a slightly dilettante air. For example, there are elaborate, faintly whimsical and quite unnecessary chapter-headings. As a Victorian novelist, Mr. Gibbs might have produced a book of some distinction; but, as a contemporary chronicler, he seems a little out of touch with the events that provide the background of his narrative; and, though I was interested by the account of Michael's doings before the war—especially by his love-affair with the daughter of a local Nonconformist minister, which sums up all the angularity and intensity of adolescent passion—his post-war career is less absorbing. The closing episode, I am afraid, is decidedly banal and suggests the last page of a thousand similar stories.

The Boy from Apulia and *The Son of Marietta* are historical heavyweights. Readers who enjoyed *Anthony Adverse* will, no doubt, enjoy *The Son of Marietta*, which has much the same

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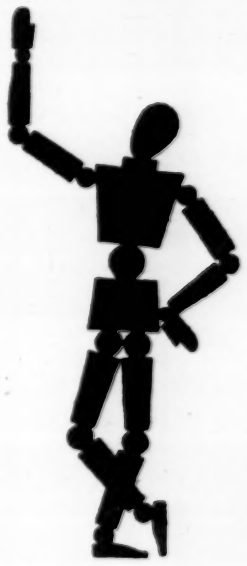

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middle-brow appeal, the same slightly specious picturesqueness, the same energy and genuine descriptive gift. Like *Anthony Adverse*, it is far too long. One thousand and fifty pages, with thirty-eight lines to the page, is a preposterous length for any novel—nine-and-sixpence a ridiculous price to pay; and the most inexpert editor could reduce the book to half its present dimensions without the least damage to clarity or vividness. *The Boy from Apulia* (also far too expensive) is as succinct and closely packed as *The Son of Marietta* is voluminous, melodramatic and highly coloured. Though described by the publishers as "midway between history and novel," it is, in fact, almost pure history and, from that point of view, an unusually stimulating and readable book. From the welter of early mediaeval history, one figure stands clear—Frederick Hohenstaufen, the Emperor who, with the normal pursuits of a mediaeval monarch, combined a love of truth, a belief in religious toleration, an interest in "things as they are," that was not to re-emerge till after the Renaissance. The strange pleasure-house that he built at Castel del Monte bears witness to the scope of a genius born out of season.

PETER QUENNELL

MR. MURRY ON SHAKESPEARE

Shakespeare. By JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

It is a long time since the appearance of a new book by Mr. Middleton Murry was for me an agreeable event. One after another I have read them, with a growing distaste—his version of the Lawrence story, indispensable no doubt, but queered by the semi-biblical roles which both he and Lawrence were made to assume in that affair; the *Autobiography*, the *Life of Jesus*. Many others, besides myself, choking and peering ahead, must have felt that worse fogs were descending. And in Mr. Murry's recent conversion to Communism—a Communism linked with Christianity and combining the less attractive elements of both—it appeared that a limit had been reached; "Oneness" could go no farther. Mr. Murry had found his way of life, and it was not ours.

These remarks would be merely offensive if they were not the prelude to a burst of critical enthusiasm. His new volume on Shakespeare seems to me wholly admirable; since Bradley—inevitable landmark!—there has not been any book to equal it in width and depth of criticism. One great advantage, indeed, over Bradley is possessed by Mr. Murry, that he deals directly with the working of Shakespeare's imagination, so far as that is possible, while Bradley, as philosopher and psychologist, was changing what he criticised—was trying to create, in fact, an English Goethe. I do not deny that every age to some extent re-creates the literature of the past, and that even an art so immutable as Shakespeare's is subject to this action, but there is all the difference in the world between being receptive to whatever is most relevant in the past and fitting the past to suit the present. A certain passivity in the critic who writes about Shakespeare is, I think, essential, although with lesser writers the display of a sharp personal taste may often have advantages. It depends entirely on whether we are more interested in the mind of the critic or in the author he is discussing; and, put in that form, the choice of Shakespeare or his critics becomes ridiculous.

Much of the best Shakespearean criticism, as we might expect, has come from poets; and it is through the understanding of a poet—Keats—that Mr. Murry has approached his study of Shakespeare. In his *Keats and Shakespeare* (Oxford, 1925) Mr. Murry not only gave us an excellent analysis of the crucial years in Keats's life, but drew attention, for the first time I believe, to an identity between these two poets. He claimed that Keats came nearer than any other man to understanding Shakespeare, and supported this with extracts from the *Letters*. Since the two passages especially emphasised are repeated by Mr. Murry at the beginning of his *Shakespeare* I quote them here:

> (1) I must say one thing that has pressed itself upon me lately, and increased my humility and capability of submission—and this is the truth—Men of Genuis are great as certain ethereal Chemicals operating on the Mass of neutral intellect—but they have not any individuality, any determined Character—I would call the top and head of those who have a proper self, Men of Power.
>
> (2) I had, not a dispute, but a disquisition, with Dilke upon various subjects; several things dovetailed in my mind, and at once it struck me what quality went to form a man of achievement, especially in literature, and which Shakespeare possessed so enormously—I mean *Negative Capability*, that is when a man is capable of being in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact and reason. Coleridge, for instance, would let go by a fine isolated verisimilitude caught from the penetralium of mystery, from being incapable of remaining content with half-knowledge. This pursued through volumes would perhaps take us no farther than this, that with a great poet the sense of Beauty overcomes every other consideration, or rather obliterates all consideration.

The passages are sufficiently familiar, but no one before Mr. Murry thought to give them their full value. Most readers of Shakespeare must at times have wondered "what he was like," or gazed incredulously at the mild, faintly astonished features of the various portraits; biographers have done their best to build up a concrete historical figure; and our modern detectives are still on the track of deeds and washing-bills. The general conclusion—supported by Baconians—is that Shakespeare did not exist at all; and, in Keats's sense of the words, that is absolutely true. We know in fact as much about Shakespeare as we do about many other writers who seem solid enough; however much we knew, I doubt if the autograph-hunters would feel satisfied.

Shakespeare, then, will be found, if anywhere, in his works. He *is* the plays, the sonnets, the poems; but within this general life there are evidences of a more personal existence. It is obvious, for example, that Shakespeare is Hamlet in a quite particular sense in which he is not Othello, Antony or Macbeth; and Mr. Murry sets out to trace the "Shakespeare man" through various phases. Is such an undertaking possible? I should have said not; but in Mr. Murry's hands the method proves successful.

> To put the matter thus is, no doubt, to put it "romantically." But we must use what ladders we can to climb into the kingdom of Shakespeare's imagination; and this one, though simple, will bear as well and reach as high as any. From the moment that Shakespeare begins to be himself in the Elizabethan theatre, to operate in the strength and power of his own identity, the Shakespeare Man begins to take shape—in Berowne, in Richard II, in the Bastard, in Hotspur, in Falstaff, in Prince Hal, in Mercutio and Jacques and Benedick. There are plays in which he does not appear. He is not in the *Dream*, or in the *Merchant of Venice*, or *Julius Caesar* or *Twelfth Night*; and what is notable about these plays where he is not is that they are more seriously and deliberately conceived than the plays in which he is. Speaking roughly, where Shakespeare is most in control as an "artist," there the Shakespeare Man is absent. He manifests a constant tendency to dissolve, so to speak, into Shakespeare the "artist." Or to put it the other way about, where Shakespeare's

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liberty—which is a less responsible thing than his spontaneity—is most in evidence, the Shakespeare Man tends to emerge. He represents something that the more deliberate, the more "artist" Shakespeare has to control. He must kill Mercutio or Mercutio will kill him; that is the parable into which the Shakespeare Man is gathered up.

We are made aware, by countless subtle touches, of the mind behind the poetry; the revelation, of course, is tentative and shadowy; and it is only when the reader pauses to reflect how considerably, in recoil, his understanding of many passages has been increased that he realises the extent of Mr. Murry's achievement. The simplest test of any general book on Shakespeare is this: Do the quotations gain *in poetry* from their critical context? (Not, do we learn more about particular passages? etc.) My answer, in Mr. Murry's case, is emphatically, Yes.

Perhaps inevitably, the discussion of Hamlet—an ambiguous figure however the critic may choose to take him—is the least satisfactory in this sequence. The earlier phases (Falstaff, Mercutio, etc.) have provided so many fresh and valuable hints that we expect everything of Hamlet. Mr. Murry discusses him at some length, weighs Johnson against Coleridge, stresses the importance of the Ghost, finds that Hamlet—torn between impulse and a too scrupulous conscience in godless chaos—emerges triumphant (though unconsciously so) to a new Order; but the picture is not altogether convincing. It is not so much, I feel, that Mr. Murry is wrong in his interpretation, as that he has left too many gaps in it. He almost ignores Hamlet's illness—the madness, real or feigned, the neurasthenic element in his inactivity, the undercurrent of sexual distortion which couples "country matters" and "Get thee to a nunnery." It would be mistaken to attribute to Hamlet a large measure of such later uneasinesses, say, as Amiel's *maladie de l'idéal*, but surely the germ is there? I was left with the feeling that Mr. Murry, disappointed with what he could draw from Hamlet, had compromised by slightly idealising him. It is a fault which I am certain, with rewriting, he could to some extent remedy.

This partial failure does not invalidate Mr. Murry's criticism, which is focused, from a number of angles, on Shakespeare's poetry. Only a comparatively small portion of the book, I should point out, is concerned with the "Shakespeare Man," though it is a leading theme. I do not want to give the impression that Mr. Murry's book is largely "in the air": on the contrary, everywhere there is a close attention to the texture of Shakespeare's writing and to the conditions in which he worked. Let me summarise a few criticisms which caught my attention:

The relegation of *Lear* to a place apart from and *below* the other great tragedies. Argument: the mad scenes, though technically amazing, fail on the stage not because they are too grandiose in conception, but because they fall short of great poetry (impossible perhaps to make great poetry out of madness); the sexual obsession is unresolved; faults of construction (the opening scene), flagging invention in parts of the writing; *Lear* represents a diseased rather than a tragic vision of life, the "exploitation of a partial despair." (This is his most startling criticism; it shocked me, but I think it is true.)

Often the impression we have of noble characters rising to a personal freedom in the clutch of circumstance is due to the exigencies of an old plot: that is their Nemesis, and their "freedom" is the poetry with which Shakespeare gives them life. This does not, of course, affect the truth of Shakespeare's tragic conception.

The contradictions of the poetry and the characters who utter it: Iago and Caliban. Poetic intensity, apparently at odds, has here the effect of being *dramatic*.

Critics have pointed to a streak of cruelty in Hamlet because of his treatment of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern; but these characters are unimportant, we do not see them ill-used, and *therefore* the report does not affect our idea of Hamlet.

The pervading and unattached melancholy of *Twelfth Night*—one of the gayest of the plays. An atmosphere of music throughout the play, Feste's songs, his independence and abrupt disappearances, the final scene when he is left deserted on the stage, like Firs at the end of *The Cherry Orchard*.

Perhaps the two passages in the book in which Mr. Murry's appreciation of the poetry is at its best are the long analyses of Cleopatra's death and of the conversation between Macbeth and Lady Macbeth after the murder of Duncan: the *naivety* of that conversation is what is brought out. Finally, let me add that I have enjoyed Mr. Murry's *Shakespeare* as much as any modern book of criticism and that, although a reviewer, I shall read it again.

G. W. STONIER

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SPINOZA

Spinoza. By SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK. *Duckworth* (Great Lives). 2s.

> A man who was led to a retired life by choice and circumstances, not by ostentation, and to an almost incredible frugality by reasons of health and economy, not by ascetic pride, who could be free-spoken and of good will towards all sorts of men, but would be dependent on none. . . . On hearing that a man who owed him 200 florins had become bankrupt, (he) said with a smile: "I must retrench my allowance to make up for this little matter; at this price one buys equanimity." . . . Spinoza lived in a retirement which at times might be called solitude; when absorbed in work he would hardly leave his chamber for many days together. . . . There was no touch of misanthropy in the retirement from the world which he imposed upon himself. In fact, Spinoza visited, and was visited by, not a few men of letters and learning.

Substitute T. E. Lawrence for Spinoza, and little alteration would have to be made. In character the two men are oddly alike. Lawrence, however, was much nearer the ascetic type than Spinoza; he never quite freed himself from a deep spiritual perversity: whereas Spinoza from the beginning seems to have possessed that final indifference which is the mark of the "truly strong man." As another writer has charmingly said of him: "Lodged in his corner of the great house of nature, he felt himself humble, pensioned, and at peace." This was the almost anonymous person of whom Coleridge was to write: "I believe in my depth of being that the three great works since the introduction of Christianity are—Bacon's *Novum Organum* . . . Spinoza's *Ethics* . . . and Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*," and of whom Havelock Ellis has said: "of the great philosophers . . . there are two who dominate the rest. In the ancient world there was Plato. In the modern world there is Spinoza." The quiet man, who was excommunicated by his synagogue for heresy at the age of twenty: who lived in Holland making optic lenses (very well): whose manners in controversy were so scrupulously polite; who in 1677, at the age of forty-five, slipped out of the world as unobtrusively as he had always lived in it; this man, after a certain amount of posthumous denigration, was to become the admired or the inspiration of Lessing, Goethe, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley, Flaubert, Matthew Arnold, Renan—and indeed of anyone who is not intimidated by the difficulties of his special vocabulary and by the mathematical severity of his propositions.

Whether anyone but Spinoza has ever fully understood Spinozism is another matter (incidentally—and typically—he refused to let his doctrine be called after his name). But the worth of its implications may be judged by the fact that he was the founder of the Higher Criticism, that he anticipated both political liberalism and the Marxist view of literature as a criticism of life, that he considered mathematical physics and self-consciousness the two points at which science could best approach reality. He is most sympathetic to the present age for the way he grafted his moral on to his natural philosophy and the consistency with which he lived the morality he taught.

Little is known of the details of his life except untrustworthy gossip. Sir Frederick Pollock wisely disregards this; but his book suffers from too much irrelevant digression, a rather supercilious tone and a certain perfunctoriness of method. Little attempt is made to connect Spinoza's environment or his inherited Hebraic traditions with his philosophy. The most eloquent tribute paid to this great man remains the words of the editor of his *Ethics* in the *Everyman* edition: "When people tell us that they have the key to all reality in their pockets . . . then Spinoza's notion of the absolutely infinite, which includes all possibilities, may profitably arise before us. It will counsel us to say to those little gnostics, to those circumnavigators of being; I do not believe you; God is great."

C. DAY LEWIS

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THE NEW HAVELOCK ELLIS

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In septuagenarian critics there is usually little to respect except their memories. They either rumble Olympian disapproval of works which their ossified sensibilities disqualify them from understanding, or, more pathetically, seek to mask their incompetence by paradoxical buffoonery Mr. Havelock Ellis (whose sympathy with France dates, he tells us, from his schooldays during the Franco-Prussian war) remains vitally appreciative of modern literature and thought. Although there are no living writers considered in his new volume, there are numerous references to recent discoveries and contemporary criticisms. He is, of course, in the first place a scientist, and while his literary taste is excellent and catholic, his critical comments are concerned with literature less in its strictly aesthetic aspects than as an expression of character. He is fascinated by the "piece of work" which is a man; and is particularly attracted by idiosyncrasies of temperament. Indeed, his clinical curiosity leads him, I think, to overrate Restif de la Bretonne and Tilly. From the former we can learn what a cosy life the *petite bourgeoisie* enjoyed in eighteenth-century France; and also something about shoe-fetishism—but isn't he really a very boring writer? From Tilly we learn very little; but in admiring him Mr. Havelock Ellis is in the excellent company of Stendhal.

Seven of the essays are concerned with Jean Jacques Rousseau. Particularly good is the historical study of "The Love of Wild Nature." Here is a quotation from it:

> All the pioneers of the approach to Nature, if we consider the matter, have been, so far as we are in a position to discover the facts, men of a more or less abnormal temperament, placed in a position of hostility to the society of their time. Lucretius, Jerome and the other conspicuous early Christians, Dante, the extreme ascetics of the contemplative Orders—these were not people of the *homme moyen sensuel* type, who instinctively accept the world as they find it. For the most part, also, they have had the temperament of genius which so often causes a man to view the world at a different angle from his fellows, to reverse the emotional values of life, *in tristitia hilaris, in hilaritate tristis*. The men who followed Rousseau, to complete the movement to which he had given the chief impetus, showed the same characteristics, notably the two great poets who in England finally completed it, Byron and Wordsworth.

It is odd that he does not mention D. H. Lawrence, whose cult of nature, hatred of reason, and anti-social temperament made him the Rousseau of his time. There are, I suggest, two further causes active in driving man to the wild places of the earth: the desire, first, to feel one's own unimportance (which is one form

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CHATTO AND WINDUS

of that appetite for the numinous which many men now find is satisfied in Alps rather than in sanctuaries); and secondly, to triumph over this sense by courage; and thirdly, the desire (perhaps eventually of masochistic origin) to endure hardships and dangers no longer found in daily life. Examples of this are the Alpine climbing of nineteenth-century agnostics, the contemporary assaults on Everest, and long-distance aeroplane flights. Rousseau himself never, I think, sought physical danger. Mr. Aldous Huxley has pointed out that if Wordsworth had inhabited the Tropics instead of the Lake District he would have found nature less benevolent. Similarly, Rousseau never climbed the Matterhorn and nature for him meant the gentle countryside of Savoy.

The short essay on Victor Hugo is brilliant. It includes an analysis of the colour-epithets used (mostly connoting simple opposition of light and shade) and a good comment on his handwriting which, at first, "was slight and small, seeming to betray a sort of physical timidity, but during the course of his career it swells and rises, becomes almost hieratic; to a writer of the first order, he seems to say to himself, must belong writing of the first order, and to do justice to this writing he latterly always used thick blue paper of vast folio form."

There is a good essay on Rémy de Gourmont, one of the best of all critics (he was, both in his virtues and deficiencies, very like Mr. Huxley); and another on Alain-Fournier, the author of that enchanting novel, *Le Grand Meaulnes*, whose correspondence with Jacques Rivière gives an extraordinary picture of the intellectual development of two clever boys in the first years of this century. The paper on Proust is notable for some interesting comments on the form of asthma due to allergy, from which he suffered; also for an admirable appreciation of his grandest portrait, that of M. de Charlus. (Mr. Havelock Ellis as an expert on abnormal psychology may be interested to hear that an American lady whom I know actually has had her Proust re-bound with all pages referring to Charlus omitted.)

Most enjoyable of all, perhaps, are Mr. Havelock Ellis's recollections of and comments on Verlaine. There could, he says, be no more pleasant companion, simple, unaffected and genial. He gives a charming picture of going to the poet's sordid hotel bedroom, where Verlaine "drew forth a purse, produced from it a two-franc piece—all it contained, I fear—saying in English, in honour of his guests: 'I have—*money*; I—will have—*pleasure!*'" and a small bottle of rum was sent for. In another place he speaks of his "curious love for the plastic moulding of speech":

> Sometimes, I will recall, one would hear him mouthing some strange new word over and over on his tongue, shouting it in different tones, emitting it with sudden explosive energy as though to attack unaware its spirit, not resting until he had gained a mastery of its vocal value. So a dog will sometimes lick round and round some morsel of dubious value until at last it gains a sweetness not its own, which he has imparted to it, and he swallows it with gusto. It was thus, I am sure, that Verlaine had dealt with the various English words he has used as titles for poems, finding in them a beauty and expressiveness which for our ears they mostly lack. But in this habit of patiently testing the precise value of words in sound and their exact *nuance*, Verlaine owed his miraculous mastery of verbal enchantment, which seems so artless and instinctive.

It is always particularly difficult in a review to do justice to a collection of various papers. But I hope that I have quoted enough to show that anyone seriously interested in French literature will find Mr. Havelock Ellis's new book a nourishing production of a most distinguished mind. R. M.

MUSSOLINI

Sawdust Caesar. The Untold History of Mussolini and Fascism. By GEORGE SELDES. *Arthur Barker.* 12s. 6d.

People who know little or nothing about Italian Fascism will find Mr. Seldes' book very readable and, as far as the general outline goes, useful. The picture it presents is broadly true. But the reader must unfortunately be warned against accepting Mr. Seldes as an authority. Those who quote him are only too likely to find themselves caught out by anyone who knows Italy well. Mr. Seldes does not know Italy to-day; he was expelled in 1925 and has not been allowed to return to refresh his memory.

Moreover he is not a careful author. Nearly half the book is in inverted commas. Words are put into people's mouths with no reference whatever to indicate where and when Mr. Seldes got his quotations. A book which purports to be the life story of a man who has ruled Italy for fourteen years should refer to sources of information. That is what Professor Salvemini so admirably succeeded in doing in his *Fascist Dictatorship in Italy*, (when shall we get the second volume of this?) and an American, Herbert Schneider, in *The Making of the Fascist State* (O.U.P. 1928), also did with as great a care and skill as the Italian historian. Mr. Seldes' story cannot conceivably be called "untold." There is little new in it except some unfortunate inaccuracies. What Angelica Balabanoff (Mussolini's Russian Socialist friend in his pre-war Swiss days) "wrote down" for *Sawdust Caesar* has been told in a number of her articles in France and Belgium years ago. Signor Buozzi's "revelations" about Mussolini's cross dealings with industrialists and workers in the undecided violent crisis of 1920 are quite simply and accurately given by Salvemini. The one really exciting story concerns Mussolini's visit to the Pope on the anniversary of the signing of the Lateran Treaty. They were closeted from 10.45 to 11.15 a.m.

> A painful silence reigned. . . . Finally Mussolini precipitated himself at the feet of the Pope and kissed the slipper humbly, at the same time giving himself great blows on the chest. With infinite bountifulness the Successor to Saint Peter raised the visitor and said to him: "Repent, repent my son! All is not yet lost for you!"
>
> A few minutes later the Pope asked Mussolini what time it was. Mussolini went pale. He quickly caught the significance. He said: "I have only a Swiss watch. . . ."

I do not believe this story. But Mr. Seldes refers me for it to *Le Peuple* of Brussels (no date) who claim to have got it from "one in close touch with the *eye* of the Vatican."

Almost every Italian quotation is misspelt. On page 69 Caviglia suddenly becomes di Caviglia, on page 81 Federasione, on page 94 "bandiera bianco," on page 95 "fabricce," on page 148 the first paragraph is a triumph of misspelling, there being no fewer than five mistakes. And so the dreary list goes on.

Worst of all Mr. Seldes does not explain any of the things about Mussolini that we really want to know. The chapter on the Duce's relationship with D'Annunzio is a muddling account which makes no sense: the judgment Mr. Seldes passes on the Lateran agreement—a triumph for Mussolini—is surely wrong. Living through that period in Italy I realised with many other foreign

A Crown of Thorns,

reflection compels us to believe, is the one type of hat in which a Liberal head feels comfortable, and the top of the fence the one chair that is easy on a Liberal behind; and while, no doubt, the complete picture is one of elegance, we have an idea that the time is long gone when such art for art's sake can have a place among the urgencies and realities of the day. From the top of the fence it is impossible to do constructive work; it must indeed be hard enough to keep one's balance while holding up one's hands in pious horror at the iniquities and follies of mankind, or (correct us if we are wrong, sir) while shutting one's eyes to the movement of history. A new era has just opened; new forces are stirring in the world. On one side of the fence are the grunts and declarations of old gentlemen still entrenching themselves in the last ditch; on the other is the cheerful voice of constructive socialism, building a new world where spiritual and material necessities are measured by a more generous yardstick. If you would care to jump down from the fence and throw away your painful hat it would be better for you—whichever side you fell. Perhaps you're not yet ready to abandon your perch; perhaps you would first like to sample the fresh air which you will find on one side. If you would, you could hardly do better than read a book which we've just published, called *Proletarian Literature in the United States*. We admit it's a terrible title, but there it is: the editors would have it so. But the contents. Fiction, poetry, a section for which only the disgusting word, *reportage* will do, drama and criticism. The authors? Scores of them. John Dos Passos is one; so is John Spivak, of whom, very soon, you're likely to hear more. Genevieve Taggard, Michael Gold, Erskine Caldwell, Bodenheim, and a whole lot more. They're all here. Price? Seven and six. Why not climb down, if only for an hour or so, and visit your bookseller. He won't bite you, even if you don't buy it.

As for *The Eye*; we know it's late, but that's the fault of the person who writes these advertisements again. He went to Egypt; came home and decided to have chicken pox. Now he's back on the job. Write to us for a copy of *The Eye* if you haven't seen it yet; the next number will be out in about a week.

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correspondents that Mussolini had, in the Lateran Treaty, handed over the whole inheritance of religious freedom and toleration that was won by the Risorgimento. By that Treaty the village priest reigns supreme again in Italy.

SYLVIA SAUNDERS

THEY TELL THEIR STORY

Facing Two Ways. By BARONESS SHIDZUÉ ISHIMOTO. *Cassell.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Down, But Not Out. By WILL. Y. DARLING. *Allen and Unwin.* 5*s.*

Those Were Good Days. CARL SCHLEICH. *Allen and Unwin.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Baroness Ishimoto's book is all the more poignant for being so gravely written. Her gravity, no doubt an overtone of the feudal self-obliteration of her early years, has acted as a clarifying agent where all might have been turbulence and distress. The daughter of a leading bourgeois of aristocratic blood she was married to the son of a principal family of the samurai class. Her husband, however, brusquely withdrew her from the ceremonialism of the Japanese aristocracy, and, fired by radical sympathies, took her to live in a mining village owned by the Matsui Company. It is a moving account she gives of life under these conditions; with Baron Ishimoto himself earning £5 a month as an engineer, it is not difficult to imagine what must have been, or quite clearly what are, the conditions of Japanese miners. A twelve to fourteen hours day with no holidays whatsoever (not even upon the divine Emperor's birthday) was the lot of engineer and labourer alike. Little wonder that the mortality rate in Japanese pits is (in 1930) thirty per million tons.

How drastic was her change of life is suggested most strongly by the delightful pages in which she lists her trousseau of thirty ceremonial kimonos at £50 a piece, each for a special purpose, one hundred and seventeen other kimonos, twenty-seven smaller kimonos, nine overcoats, twenty-four jackets, twenty-nine ceremonial cloths (faroshiki), twenty sets of white cotton underclothes and three aprons.

But having taught his wife an advanced radicalism, Baron Ishimoto repented of his own and required her to support him in his Manchurian imperialistic enterprises. This she would not do, for strange as it may seem to certain aesthetes enamoured of the tea ceremony, she found the comparative freedom she had acquired too vital to lose. There is never any fear that these chapters of estrangement will lose their hold over the reader. There is both comedy and pathos in them. At one time, complying with feudal canons of obedience to her sporting husband, she and her maid tried to keep a large evil-smelling and very boisterous brown bear in the back garden, and later she tried to comfort herself by learning the classical dancing of the Kabuki tradition. Kikugoro, the greatest of Kabuki dancers, middle-aged and weighing two hundred pounds, danced the part of a little waiting girl of the light life perfectly, she says, but a lady of five feet four inches struggling with long limbs to symbolise the same looked ridiculous. This to compensate a husband's neglect. The chapters in which she describes her search for comfort among the religious sects are simple and penetrating. Of the Zen cult she says shrewdly, "I detected a peculiar brusquerie and cynicism in most of the Zen practitioners, which may be the result of denying the reality of the world too much."

Her final self-identification with feminism and the reform movement was both logically and emotionally inescapable. In these days when we are told by many (whose only claim to distinction is that they sigh expressively over the earlier Mozart) that humanitarianism is an outworn belief, it is good to read this sincere history of growing conviction.

The other pole of experience accounts for the Mr. Peter Gogg of *Down, But Not Out*. It is a biographical story in fictional form of several years in the life of an unemployed man. A decent enough mediocrity, Mr. Gogg innocently falls out of work, passes through the stage of desperate search for it, and ends up by being unemployable by consequence and deliberate profession. Perhaps that is the principal fault about this quietly ironical book, Gogg rationalises far too much. Nor does the man seem to be common enough a type. The author may not have experienced unemployment quite as closely as the reviewer, thus one misses the sickening atmosphere of public relief, the fear of dwindling skill, the embitterments and growing consciousness of being worthless, because worth is not set upon one! And Mr. Gogg when dirty does not itch. These omissions may be by intention, however, for though one never feels sympathy with the vague wretch, one is conscious of the irony of the contemporary circumstance. Mr. Gogg who will not work is certainly not more culpable than a society in which he cannot.

It is not difficult to see why *Those Were Good Days* is a best seller in Germany. Carl Schleich, whose autobiography it is, was a good-humoured, rather sensual and very intelligent egotist with none of the political vices. He records simply that people went into war with joy, notices no public distress, and strongly approves of loving families. If one can ignore occasional sentimentalism it is an interesting book, for the author was really a distinguished man. The inventor of local anaesthesia and condemned by the Congress of Surgeons for the discovery, he has many good stories to tell of physicians and surgeons. Perhaps his most interesting chapter is that about Strindberg, whose close friend he was, being himself both *littérateur* and musician. There are good stories of musicians also. The famous Dr. Buckland who ate up the king's heart formerly preserved at Nuneham would have been pleased to hear of Carl Löwe the ballad writer, who stipulated that his heart should be enclosed in the recess of the great diapason C of his church organ. *Those Were Good Days* can be placed high in the second group of autobiographies, those of interesting but not urgent fellows.

RALPH BATES

ANTI-MACHIAVEL

The Origins of Love and Hate. By DR. IAN SUTTIE. *Routledge.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The progress of psychology is both helped and hindered by the moral, political, religious, and irreligious prejudices of its prophets. Prejudice gives motive force to their investigations, and lies in ambush to mangle their conclusions with metaphysics. Freudian psychology, which has been the starting-point of almost all the important advances of the last twenty years, has in its roots a number of philosophical assumptions dangerous to scientific method. Its ethical "doctrine" has proved suspiciously attractive to intellectual babes and sucklings. Freud has suffered the fate of Rousseau and Machiavelli.

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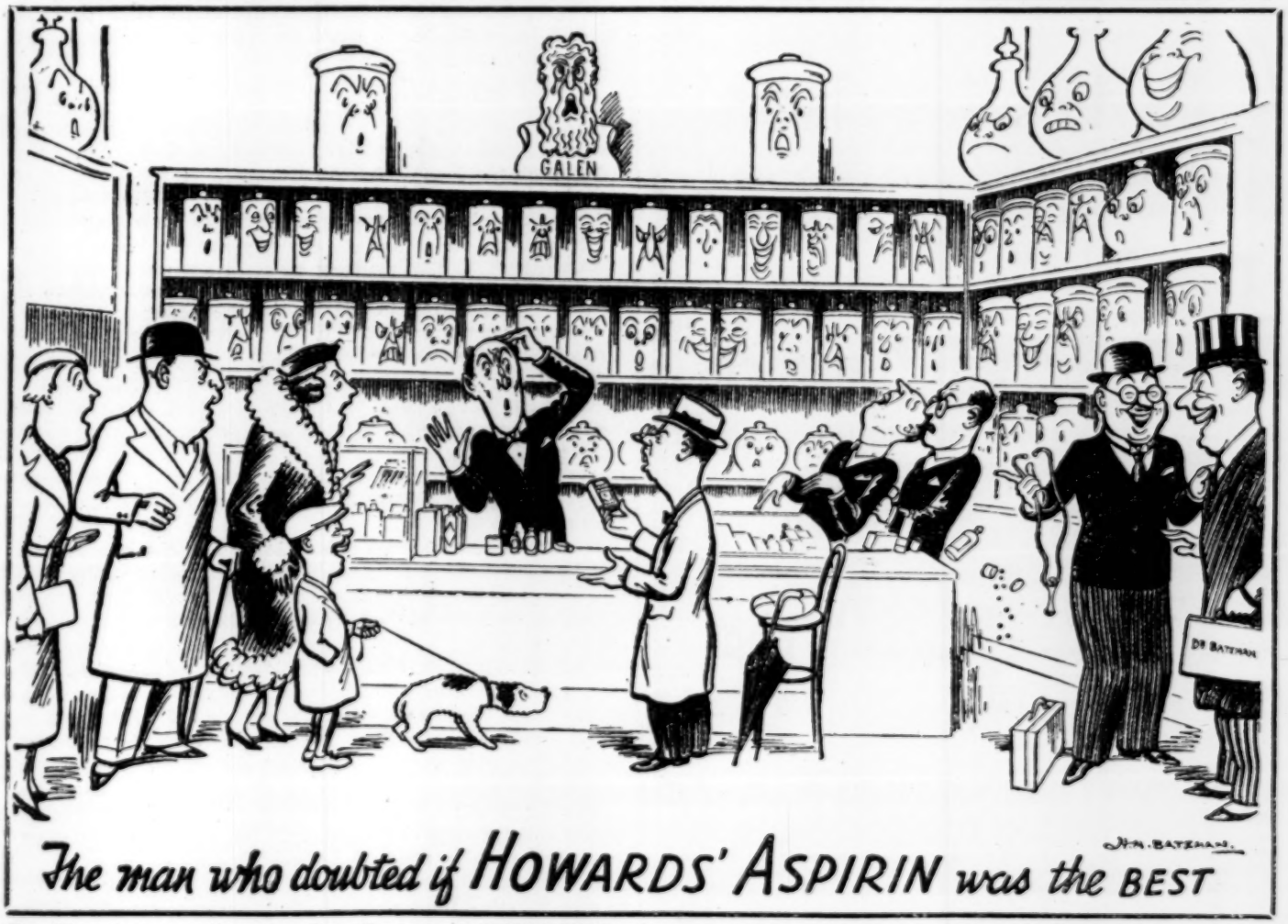

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To Dr. Suttie Freud's modern opinions—as distinct from his clinical method and achievements—were antipathetic. He was by no means alone in this. Adler, Jung, and the other schismatics were also clearly troubled by Freud's theological vision of the unconscious as a Pandora's box of original sin, and there is quiet malice in Dr. Hadfield's remark in his Introduction that " most of the disorders in early childhood originate in a lack of security and love rather than in incestuous desires." New interpretations of Freud's material were inevitable and are already numerous.

Dr. Suttie has turned Freud's metaphysics inside out, and his book has the tortuousness of a debate in progress. The audience is faced by two radically divergent sets of hypotheses, both fairly convincing, and waits uncomfortably for the next speaker.

Dr. Suttie writes well, and is consequently hard to summarise without injustice. His disagreement with Freud arose originally from dissatisfaction with the application of the theory in biology and ethnology. Like Adler he found Freud's theory of the social group inadequate. He would replace the Libido with a " Need for companionship." He finds the child's desire for its mother social as well as sensuous. Basing his argument on the limitations of infantile consciousness, and on behaviour in primitive societies he considers Love rather than sexual desire for the mother as the primary factor in the development both of individuals and of society. He accuses Freud of personal anti-feminism in his preoccupation with the importance of the patriarchal power of " man " in family and nation. Anxiety and hate are interpreted as merely negative frustrations of love and sociability. To the Oedipus complex complementary jealousies are added and labelled with the names of Laios, Zeus, and Cain. The father is envious of his own children because they divert from him some of their mother's love. The elder child is jealous of the younger for the same reason. Zeus swallowed his pregnant wife in order to bear his child himself, and the ceremonies of some primitives show a male envy of the female monopoly of child-bearing.

Love is distinguished from simple sex on grounds both of biology and of common observation. Company is as important as copulation. The Taboo on Tenderness is more powerful than that on promiscuity amongst Trobriand islanders and modern Europeans. Self-expression is not merely emotional evacuation, and sublimation not the only source of culture. Matriarchal societies are pagan, unimperialistic, and happy; patriarchal societies—which Freud discusses exclusively—are puritan, predatory, and guilt-ridden. The therapeutic effect of Christianity and of healing cults based on love is worthy of consideration, and Freud's admitted failure to experience the " oceanic " feelings of oneness with the universe or a beloved person suggests that the early family relationships of the Master himself were unsatisfactory. The impersonality of the psycho-analyst may be an unfortunate effect of the modern taboo on tenderness.

To the lay reader *The Origins of Love and Hate* will be exciting and disturbing. Amongst the psychologists the debate will continue.

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Letters between F. S. OLIVER, *author of "The Endless Adventure," and his Brother*, 1914-1918. *Edited, with Memoir, by* STEPHEN GWYNN. *Illustrated.* 12s. 6d.

Macmillan [*Prices are net*]

AWARE OF LAMB

John Freeman's Letters. Edited by GERTRUDE FREEMAN and SIR JOHN SQUIRE. *Macmillan.* 8s. 6d.

We are always being told that nobody writes letters nowadays; indeed it has become the usual formula when producing a volume of them. However, of course, we all know that letters *are* written, and, as always, written brilliantly by many people who write nothing else. For here the amateur has a real advantage. Letters are (or must appear to be) a form of conversation, and it is fatal to treat them (or appear to treat them) as a form of literature; so the " man of letters " approaches this *genre* under a disability. Of course many professional writers have escaped the snare, but a number are caught—and so we come to the great fault of this volume. John Freeman's letters are sincere, intelligent, often witty, always morally attractive, but at the same time they are literary through and through. I do not at all mean to suggest pretentiousness; the author is far from the vulgar error of " writing like a book "; but he is too thoroughly conscious that letter-writing is a branch of Literature. He is aware of Charles Lamb (so to speak), without the advantage of *being* Lamb.

His letters are unavoidably dull sometimes because, owing to the number of recipients and the short time embraced by the selection, they repeat so much. And he harps a good deal on certain literary enthusiasms, to some of which—for Swinburne's poetry, for *Mansoul*—some bosoms may fail to return an echo. But it is done with great freshness and spirit, and even the literary gossip keeps its colour: for example—

> I saw Adcock last Friday and he told me of his Anthology, *The Bookman Anthology of Living Poets*. It has been held up some time, and the living poets have been dying all round him, all except Samuel Waddington, who's eighty-seven and won't die. Adcock was perturbed, and I said cheerfully that sooner or later they'd all be dead and offered to write him an Introduction on that point. . . .

Or again, describing the opening of the Poetry Bookshop:

> H.M. went on to say how pleased they would be to have the formal Address by T. S. Eliot, the finest critic, the most purely originating intelligence, the most startling poet, that lived now and perhaps ever. After minutes and minutes of this Puff Preliminary he announced that it was a pity, after all, Eliot couldn't turn up and so he would call on a substitute—unpuffed—Sturge Moore!

Both these passages, observe, are from the best and least careful of all the letters, those to J. W. Haines. On a non-literary subject, here is a characteristic and (to at least one reader) sympathetic touch: " I made some excursions [during a stay in Brittany] to see cathedrals, churches, dolmen and menhirs . . . but really enjoyed no sight more than the grime of Victoria Station when I returned."

It must be said that the editors have, with the best motives, stood a good deal in our light. They have excluded all domestic, and indeed all intimate letters. They have included far too many recipients, some on no better ground than one brief note—distinguished names, " only to fill the scene." They have arranged the entries alphabetically; so that, among other teasing accidents, the one earlyish group (most belong to the '20s), being addressed to " Smalley," comes towards the end. Each of these points Mr. Walter De la Mare, in his subtle elusive, yet (when you come to look into it) really exhaustive Introduction has adverted to, but *so* subtly, so obliquely, that I dare not venture to assume he meant reproach. He points out that " some of the longest and *therefore* the best of these letters " are addressed to Haines. He quotes a typical remark: " I didn't mean to write of Literature. I am not Stevenson, I meant to write gossip "—and fails not to add, but much more gracefully, that Freeman kept on " writing of Literature " just the same. (But we must not forget that,

Spinning the yarn!

Two cockney girls in a train, discussing a letter. "I 'ate writin' letters," said one; "I never know what to say until I gets a pen in my 'and, then I don't 'ave to think."

Unlike the girl we have quoted, and even with a pen in our hand, we have to think hard before we can find a new way to tell our story.

At this season, a word about individual, as compared with the better ready-made, tailoring is appropriate. When it is realised that no two men are of exactly similar dimensions, and that any first-class tailor offers a range of materials running into hundreds of different patterns, weights and grades, it becomes obvious that to attempt to satisfy individual tastes and individual measurements a colossal stock of ready-made clothes would be necessary. What inevitably happens, even with the best ready-made tailoring, is that the customer gets something like his taste and somewhere near his fit. This nearness of fit is often found to be not so near after a few months' wear.

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everything intimate having been withheld, this book is disproportionate, in a sense a scrap-book). Still, as Mr. De la Mare also says, Freeman's attitude, even to literature, is not primly aesthetic.

No, it is useless to try to go outside that introduction; I can only make the same points more briefly and less well. Mr. De la Mare stresses the importance of letter-writing in Freeman's life—his "chronic craving" for letters, and adoration of the heavenly postman. He brings out the superficial analogy with Lamb: Freeman too was a devoted Londoner, worked in an office, produced, in his spare time, poems, stories, criticism, and—a stream of letters; his achievement, we are made to feel, was very remarkable. And lastly, Mr. De la Mare has done what he could to fill up the biographical vacuum, aimed at, or at least created, by the editors, to make Freeman solid. We are given a glimpse of the poet's inner self, his reticence, his deep seriousness; we are given a moment of his physical presence. Read the introduction, not before, but after—or half-way.

One peculiarity of the book, however, it leaves unnoticed. We are conscious all through (as perhaps with every modest sincere writer) of much fellow-feeling, but yet there is an illusion of some remoteness in mere time; the writer's mind seems, curiously, at once fresh and old-fashioned, so that the headings 1927—1928—1929 give one, however often repeated and realised, a slight shock. As we meet so many examples of the other extreme, it is right to say that the *Letters* are unusually cheap for so substantial a volume.

K. JOHN

INTERNATIONALISM

I Will Not Rest. By ROMAIN ROLLAND. *Selwyn and Blount.* 8s. 6d.

They That Take the Sword. By DOUGLAS JERROLD. *Lane.* 6s.

Diplomacy and Peace. By R. B. MOWAT. *Williams and Norgate.* 10s. 6d.

A few weeks ago Romain Rolland celebrated his seventieth birthday, and the eyes of the world were once more turned on this really great figure. The significance of Rolland lies not merely in the immense service he has done in acting as a bridge between the intellectuals of the West and the new forces of the proletarian revolution, but even more in his work for peace and understanding between different peoples and different ways of thinking.

Before the war he was already a writer with a reputation extending far outside his own country, believing that an intellectual, particularly an artist, must keep himself away from the world of action and politics. He was an internationalist at the beginning of his career as he is now, but the war, and the revolutionary upheavals that followed it, profoundly changed his ideas of what such a standpoint implied. His intellectual honesty and courage were too great to allow him to stay in his idealist's "ivory tower" above the battle. The savage opposition and hysteria he aroused in France while Germans and French were massacring one another, drove him to look deeper into the causes of war and chauvinism, and aroused his sympathy for the revolutionaries in Germany and Russia whose aim was to stop, not only the war in progress, but all future wars. The fortunes of these two revolutions, and the attitude of other governments towards them, still further opened his eyes, and he was one of the very first independent intellectuals to maintain, while sharply criticising many things that the Soviet Government was doing, that the defence of the Soviet Union was the first duty of all who wanted a juster social order and a world without the insane horrors of imperialist war. Subsequent years brought him even closer to the proletarian revolutionary movement. It is not so much the fact that now, at the end of his career, he champions the proletarian revolution so wholeheartedly—in this he is not alone among famous writers—as that by his slow and passionately fought advance from his original position he has powerfully influenced intellectuals not merely in France, but all over the world to follow him. This book, containing his most important articles, controversies, appeals, with a long *Prologue* in which he sums it all up, is the autobiographical record of that development, as *Jean Christophe* is the artistic record.

Opposition to war is the first condition of all fruitful social development, and the creation of a World State the essential aim of all opposition to war: this is Romain Rolland's teaching. Mr. Jerrold, on the other hand, writing to warn the British public of the awful consequences their reawakened enthusiasm for the League of Nations will have, scoffs at the idea of peace as a thing desirable in itself, and thinks a World State is "mere rubbish." While Romain Rolland praises the Bolshevik revolution, in spite of all imperfections, as an immensely important step forward in human history, Mr. Jerrold scorns and misrepresents it. He is alive to the fact that the troubles of society are deep-seated, not to be cured by any simple makeshift schemes, but he is as blind to the possibility that the remedy fundamentally needed may be economic, as Romain Rolland is convinced of it. Indeed, after reading his book one is almost as much in the dark as to what he considers must be done, once the League of Nations has been discarded, as one was at the beginning. An adoption of "Christian principles" will, it seems, in a twinkling work the magic change; until the world has gone back to a Christian civilisation, which apparently up till recent times protected mankind from wars and revolutions, there is no hope.

Professor Mowat's book, though rather too anecdotal and not very profound in its treatment of historical causes, is valuable in this connection for its study of methods by which the international relations of government have been carried on in modern times. Since the war, the rise of Geneva combined with quicker and simpler means of communication have led, it seems clear, to the professional diplomats being pushed more and more into the background. Professor Mowat regrets this; and yet the diplomatic world he draws, with its elaborate and deeply rooted traditions, does not seem likely to adapt itself with much ease to the revolutionary conditions implied in an abandonment of power policies, and international democratic control. But whether conducted by professionals or flying statesmen, the question of open or secret diplomacy will still be important. The new demand of the peoples that they should know to what exactly their governments are committing them, has led, it seems clear from Professor Mowat's study, not to a real open diplomacy, but only to a pretence of it. The most vital discussions are still held, and decisions taken, in the privacy of Geneva or London hotel-rooms, or on those hunting expeditions which have taken the place of nineteenth-century "spa" diplomacy, and for which General Göring and Herr von Papen have shown such a robust fondness. In part, this seems inevitable under any system of society, for though it is just that the public should know the full results of negotiations, and have the chance of rejecting them, it seems often simpler to bring them to a successful conclusion when the negotiators do not have to think the whole time of the stand the countries they represent expect of them; but mainly, one is forced to conclude, secret diplomacy remains because the real forces in the capitalist world cannot and dare not expose themselves to the general gaze.

JOHN LEHMANN

SHORTER NOTICES

The Truth About a Journalist. By SYDNEY A. MOSELEY. *Pitman.* 10s.

In this lively and instructive story of his own career as a journalist, Mr. Moseley takes us behind the scenes of some of our national newspapers whose circulations are counted in millions. It is an exciting and unstable world to which he introduces us in which neither the most energetic of "go-getters" nor the most subservient of "yes-men" can ever be quite sure of his footing. Mr. Moseley, himself, it is apparent, has conquered that world by making himself independent of it, and his story can be commended to all aspiring to success in Sinister Street, as an instance of how one man at any rate has achieved it. There can be no doubt that Mr. Moseley has a nose for news and a flair for making the most of it, but if he has the honest-to-goodness working journalist's belief that only collectors, displayers and condensers of news are entitled to call themselves journalists, he demonstrates again and again that if he had not been more than that he would not be the free man he is to-day. When he tells us of his public-spirited attack on the Capitulations which set the official world of Egypt by the ears he gives himself away as a publicist of the better sort with a mind of his own and the courage to express it; and proves that even with the two a journalist may succeed in the built-up areas of the new Fleet Street.

Horizon's Rim. By ALEXANDER CROSBY BROWN. *Arrowsmith.* 15s.

In July 1928 five young Americans, three of them undergraduates of Yale, set sail from New London, Connecticut, for a holiday voyage round the world in a schooner they had purchased. Amateurs all, they proposed to gain their experience of seamanship as they went along; so, with a young Dane who had spent his life among ships and with an amateur navigator for master, they started on their adventure, in spite of the warnings of the professionals of the port. The story of the first half of the voyage via Panama across the Pacific to Sydney has already been told, and Mr. Crosby Brown takes up the yarn where the previous narrator left off. For at Sydney, his fellow owners were called home—by duty not inclination—and he was left sole owner of the ship, and presently

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being joined by young friends from America, he started on the homeward voyage via the Dutch East Indies, Singapore, Ceylon and the Red Sea. The story will make an especial appeal to yachtsmen, for their two years' training tested their seafaring qualities to the utmost; during the last lap the schooner was brought successfully through a West Indian hurricane. But the book is everybody's reading. Mr. Brown is a born narrator as well as a born sailor, and he writes of their adventures ashore and afloat with an enjoyment that is shared by the reader.

The Worker and the State. By FRANK TILLYARD. 2nd Edition. *Routledge.* 12s. 6d.

This book, which was first published in 1923, has been of great value to many students. But in the course of thirteen years it had inevitably got out of date. That is now remedied by a thorough revision and the addition of new matter, including special chapters dealing with health and pensions and unemployment insurance, and with Trade Unions and trade disputes. These new chapters are rather sketchy. But the book, as Professor Tillyard says, is not intended as a detailed work of reference. What it can justly claim to be is a clear and readable outline of a highly complicated subject—the intervention of the State in industry.

All Over the Place. By CAPTAIN ERNEST HYATT. *Hurst and Blackett.* 16s.

Captain Hyatt has led as varied and adventurous a life as any boy, in his dreams, has imagined. At sixteen, after two years' training on H.M.S. *Worcester*, he went to sea as an apprentice on a windjammer, and when his apprenticeship expired, lived for some time in Western Australia as a boundary rider on a sheep-station. Then to the sea again in steam, getting his certificates and seeing the world. Master for a time of an Irrawaddy river steamer, and later beach-master at a Nigerian port. Capt. Hyatt tired of the tropics, went to Canada and joined the North-West Mounted Police. Came the War and for a time he held a commission in the Canadian Army, but the Admiralty claimed him for service in the mine-sweepers, and later on for duty in Mesopotamia, where we take our leave of him. Capt. Hyatt's yarns are never overspun, he goes straight to the point of every story, and every story is told with gusto. A book for boys of all ages.

Robert Blake: Sometime Commanding all the Fleets and Naval Forces of England. By ROGER BEADON. *Arnold.* 15s.

A Bristol merchant till his fortieth year, when he entered the Parliamentary forces and proved himself so good a soldier that later, when employed in his first naval command, Cromwell invited him to join his personal staff, Robert Blake is an outstanding example of the civilian beating the professionals at their own game. The second most famous of English admirals, Blake has been so overshadowed by Nelson that it is well we should be told, as Mr. Beadon forcibly tells us, how great a share Blake had in the advancement of the Navy. Here we have recounted all the famous battles and other naval operations he fought and conducted. Mr. Beadon is not uncritical, and for that reason his final estimate of the man as one of the greatest of Englishmen stands foursquare. Mr. Beadon makes the point that Blake's naval strategy was more akin to that employed during the great war, than to the theory of the intervening period. The book is a worthy tribute to the memory of a great seaman and great gentleman.

Week-end Competitions

No. 308

Set by H. L. Morrow

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a brief excursion into imaginary biography on the following lines: The year is 1995, a new supplement to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* is shortly going to press and you have been invited by the Editor to contribute not more than 300 words on any one of the following:

The Macdonalds, père et fils.
Mussolini.
Haile Selassie.
T. S. Eliot.
Y.Y. (based on internal evidence only, from his NEW STATESMAN AND NATION essays).
Anthony Eden.
Sir Samuel Hoare.
William Walton.

It is to be presumed that the libel laws have been considerably tightened and that it is an offence to libel the dead. Marks, however, will not be deducted for (apparently) fantastic statements.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, February 14th.

2. Competitors may use a psudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 306

Set by Raymond Mortimer

In view of the frequent complaints against the obscurity of modern verse, we offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an obscure passage of between six and twelve lines from any great English poet of the past. The obscurity must not be due to a corrupt text.

Report by Raymond Mortimer

This competition was suggested to me by an incident at a dinner-party. A lady, who seeks to be fashionable and cultivated, declared that Mr. Eliot was not a good poet, because she was unable to understand him; and when I confessed that I found many of the great poets, including Shakespeare, frequently obscure, she told me that she had never had any difficulty in understanding Shakespeare. I could only express admiration for her singular abilities. I wish that I had invited her to judge this competition, for my own brain is reeling from the effort to decipher some sixty passages which have been submitted. I hoped to recommend for prizes quotations ingeniously discovered in admirably lucid poets, such as Pope and Tennyson. The nearest to this is Mrs. Hyman's passage from Rossetti:

> Howbeit, between this last word and the next
> Unwritten, subtly seasoned was the smart,
> And here at least the grace to weep; if die,
> Rather, midway in her disconsolate text.
> Rebelled not, loathing from the trodden heart
> That thing which she had found man's love to be.

Another *trouvaille* was found in *The Sensitive Plant* by Myelos, who however made it even more difficult by writing " with " in place of the second " which."

> But the Sensitive Plant which could give small fruit
> Of the love which it felt from the leaf to the root,
> Received more than all, it loved more than ever,
> Where none wanted but it, could belong to the giver.

There were also lines sent in from *Samson Agonistes*, Wordsworth's *Musings near Aquapendente*, and *Adonais*, and a piece of nonsense from Swinburne.

But most competitors went to the obvious sources. There were a dozen different passages from *Sordello*, and nine from other poems by Browning. There were eight passages from Donne. Four competitors sent various verses from *The Phoenix and the Turtle* (which I suppose is the most beautiful obscure poem in English), and H. F. Bowes made a very strong bid with the passage from *The Winter's Tale*, beginning:

> . . . Can thy dam?—may't be?—
> Affection! Thy intention stabs the centre:
> Thou dost make possible things not so held,
> Communicatest with dreams;—how can this be?—
> With what's unreal thou coactive art,
> And fellow'st nothing. . . .

George Meredith was called on for four passages. Blake for two, one of them (sent by Callitriche), the extraordinarily beautiful opening of *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*. There were some stunning pieces from Hopkins. Other poets represented are Drayton, Tourneur (a lovely choice by Eremita), Vaughan, Marvell and Burns.

Of this anthology (" all prickles, no petals," to misquote a line submitted from *Sordello*) I find it very difficult to decide which are the most deserving. Those sent by Redling from Marvell's *The Definition of Love* have the advantage of being truly poetic, but it is less obscure than two Donne quotations, E. V. Warne's from the *Primrose*, and R. D. Cribb's from *A Nocturnall upon S. Lucie's Day*. I recommend, rather arbitrarily I fear, that the First Prize be divided between R. D. Cribb and Sir Charles Strachey, who has disinterred a surprising cryptogram from Meredith; the second prize to E. V. Warne, whose Donne lines, though supremely obscure, are less interesting.

DONNE: A NOCTURNALL UPON S. LUCIE'S DAY

> But I am by her death (which word wrongs her)
> Of the first nothing, the Elixer grown;
> Were I a man, that I were one,
> I needs must know; I should preferre,
> If I were any beast.
> Some ends, some means; Yea plants, yea stones detest,
> And love; All, all some properties invest;
> If I an ordinary nothing were,
> As shadow, a light, and body must be here.

R. D. CRIBB

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By W. H. Auden & C. Isherwood.

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ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
ROBERT LYNEN in
"SANS FAMILLE" (U),
and DOLLY HAAS in
"LIEBESKOMMANDO" (U). Last week.

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Mon. next, Feb. 10th, for seven days.
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MASKERADE (A).

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Drawings for Joyce's "Ulysses" and other subjects.
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CHINESE and KOREAN PORTRAITS.
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AH well, if you've not been to RULES you have missed a lot in life. . . . Maiden Lane (Covent Garden). Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Est. 1780.

THIS paper may be read in "The Book" RESTAURANT and WINE DIVE facing the British Museum, also subscriptions received.

ROBERT & JOHN RESTAURANT, 10 Adam St., Adelphi (at side of Tivoli Picture Theatre), Lunch 1s. 6d., Teas. Dinner 2s. & 2s. 6d. Intimate Restaurant in old Adam House with Dickensian Associations.

MOTORING

TRIUMPH 7 h.p. 2-seater, grey, 1929. Excellent appearance and mechanical order. Overhauled by us. One owner. £20. Not recommended to nabobs or begums for their durbars—hardly pompous enough, and might trip up the elephants. CLAYGATE MOTORS, Hare Lane, Claygate, Surrey. Esher 395.

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LIVERPOOL Playhouse.
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Evenings, 7.30.
Queen of Scots. By Gordon Daviot.

NORTHAMPTON Repertory.
Evenings 6.30 & 8.50. Monday at 8
The Two Mrs. Carrolls.
By Marguerite Veiller.

The Repertory Theatres whose announcements appear above are members of The Association of Repertory Theatres. *For information concerning Theatres belonging to this Association, or qualified to belong to it, apply to the Honorary Secretary, Bache Matthews, 44 Archway Road, London, N.19. ARC 3845.*

DINNER

A RUSSIAN REUNION-DINNER, arranged by the W.T.A., will be held on Friday, Feb. 21st, at 7.30 p.m., at the Victoria Coach Station Restaurant, S.W.1. Speaker: SIR WALTER CITRINE. Discussion. Tickets, price 5s. each, from the W.T.A., Ltd., Transport House, Smith Sq., S.W.1. (Tel.: Victoria 7430).

MISCELLANEOUS

ISLES OF GREECE, CRETE, TROY, PRIENE, etc. April Cruise from 22 guineas. London return. Opportunity for teachers and students. Apply Anglo-Hellenic Tours, 1 Albany Terrace, London, N.W.1.

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SEX EDUCATION CENTRE, Century Theatre, Archer Street, Westbourne Grove. This Centre will be open on Mondays, 7–9 p.m. during February and March for consultations and lending library. Particulars sent on request.

SUFFERERS from PSORIASIS & PRORITIS—INSTANT RELIEF. Write full details. Box 43, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

ORIGINAL unduplicated Sermons, one or two weekly. Box 33, N.S. & N. 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

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It is packed in tins, two sizes,
and is sent by inland post for
3s. and 5s. 6d.
J. W. MACKIE & SONS LTD.
108 Princes Street, Edinburgh, 2.

NEW SUITS FOR OLD. Send your favourite suit or sports jacket and we will copy it exactly in any of our John Peel Tweeds. Send for patterns post free. Prices: complete suit 87s. 6d., jacket 47s. 6d. SAMUEL REDMAYNE AND SONS, No. 10, Wigton, Cumberland. Est. 1868.

THE CASANI SCHOOL OF BALLROOM DANCING, 90 Regent Street (Piccadilly Circus). Private Lessons daily, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., in all the latest ballroom dances. Guaranteed to teach you steps of any dance in THREE PRIVATE LESSONS. £1 1s. od. Practice Classes every Tuesday, 8.30 to 10.30 p.m. 3s. 'PHONE REGENT 4438–9.

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PERSONAL

TUITION in French by Oxford Hons. Graduate (woman), 3s. 6d. an hour. Academic or colloquial. Box 41, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

MERCHANT TAYLORS SCHOOL. A new edition of the School Register (1561–1934) is in preparation. O.M.T.'s who have not received particulars are asked to send their addresses without delay to the SECRETARY, Merchant Taylors School, Sandy Lodge, Northwood, Middx.

ARTIFICIAL SUN BATHING, Nudist Lines, both sexes, Central London Indoor Club-Solarium. Ultra-violet insolation. Prevents winter colds, rheumatics. Congenial Society, Exercises, Badminton, Socials. Box 34, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

GEORGE MEREDITH: THE EMPTY PURSE.

He cancelled the ravaging Plague,
With the roll of his fat off the cliff,
Do thou with thy lean as the weapon of ink,
Though they call thee an angler who fishes the vague
And catches the not too pink,
Attack one as murderous, knowing thy cause
Is the cause of community. Iterate,
Iterate, iterate, harp on the trite:
Our preacher to win is the supple in stiff.

CHARLES STRACHEY

DONNE: THE PRIMROSE.

Live Primrose then, and thrive
With thy true number five;
And women, whom this flower doth represent,
With this mysterious number be content;
Ten is the farthest number; if half ten
Belong unto each woman, then
Each woman may take half us men;
Or if this will not serve their turn, since all
Numbers are odd, or even, and they fall
First into this, five, women may take us all.

E. V. WARNE

And after these, I think I shall find Mr. Eliot, if not Mr. Empson, comparatively easy going.

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 163.—PHONEY 'PHONE

"Talking of 'phone numbers," said Snadgery, "what do you think of that?"

He pushed across the proof of a letter heading:

SNADGERY'S MENAGERIE.

Whipsnook,
Herts.
'Phone: Allbeasts 3^52^1.

"What's the idea?" I asked.

"Well, you'd never guess," said Snadgery. "My number is Allbeasts 3888. My printer, who is what our American friends call *nuts*, has taken it upon himself to represent it factorially. Rather hard on my clients, isn't it?"

I laughed. "His ingenuity is out of place," said I. "They'll be ringing up Allbeasts 3524 —"

"And getting the local mortuary!" said Snadgery.

"—But do you know," said I, "in the case of my own number the thing could be done with impunity? I, too, have a four digit number. If you liked, you could represent it like that and no harm would be done."

What is my 'phone number?

PROBLEM 161.—DR. LIMEJUICE

Sniggersby held the lantern, and Wallop painted the Doctor's nose.

The following is as simple as any of the various lines of approach.

Call the three boys A, B, C (in order of interrogation) and their answers A1, A2, A3 and so on.

Then (1) B3 and C3 are lies. Of the remaining statements two only are lies.

(2) If B1 is a lie, A1 and C1 are both lies also ∴ B1 is true.

(3) Then A1 or C1 must be true. It follows that A2 is true.

(4) Now consider A1. If A1 is true, C1 is a lie. And since C3 is a lie it follows that C is Wallop. In that case A3 is true as well as A1 and A2, which cannot be the case. ∴ A1 is untrue ∴ C1 is true.

(5) Wallop cannot be A (for, if he is, A1 and A3 are both untrue) nor C (because C1 is true and if C is Wallop A3 is true also).

∴ Wallop is B.

∴ B2 is untrue. ∴ Sniggersby held the lantern.

∴ Wallop did the painting.

A is Sniggersby and C is Tittering.

PROBLEM 160

A set of Low's cartoons goes to Miss S. Scott, 24 Dudley Gardens, Edinburgh 6.

Eight points are rewarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

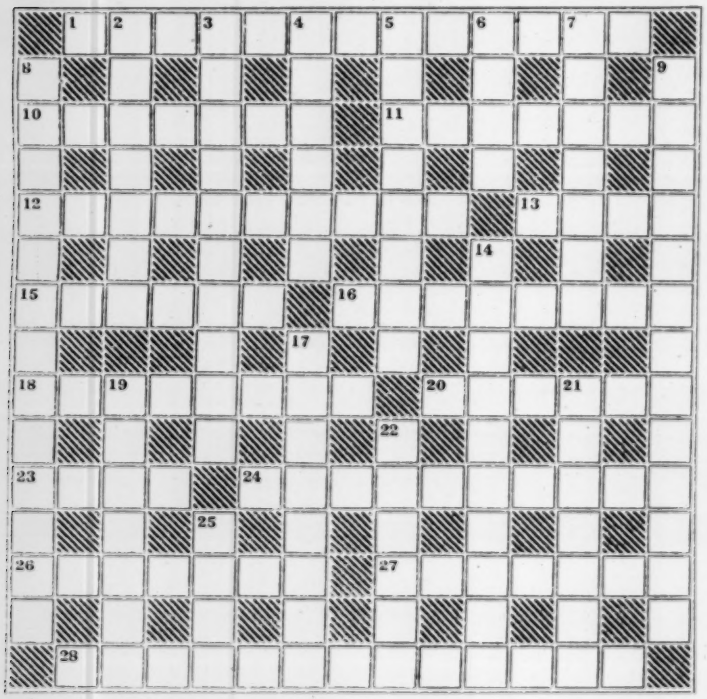
A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution. CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 309

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
J. Ellis Elder, Balgownie, Grange Gardens, Pinner, Middlesex

ACROSS

1. A pealing debt.
10. Plays a competitive part in moving spectacles.
11. Turns ice to steam in 80 degrees.
12. This place makes Tim no angel.
13 (*rev.*). "Where my caravan has rested" no doubt.
15. Capacity minus liquid contents.
16. Jack could no doubt hold 2 such bottles.
18. Describes the twister's way.
20. Molly of course will fuss so.
23 (*rev.*). Bootblack bird.
24. "Flighty" footworker?
26. Exhaust with a practice game.
27. No evil I find in this stone.
28. Proper language to use in the house.

DOWN

2. Joseph was sold to his descendants.
3. Shows that there's a free spell even in gout.
4. "——, O Lord thy slaughter'd Saints."
5. The new leaf often suffers this reverse.
6 (*rev.*). Calcutta is named after her.
7. A bounder's escapade.
8. Suitable subject of appreciation for armchair critics.
9. You'd expect this distressing condition to stop the bloody traffic on arterial routes.
14. He could never make a love marriage.
17. Must a Pharisee be a Turk first?
19. Prescription: 1 oz. harm.
21. The man who runs one down.
22. A river flows both ways to the south-east.
25. (*rev.*). For this godly villain see 23's head.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

M	E	A	N	W	H	I	L	E	■	C	A	A	B	A
A	■	U	■	H	■	N	■	S	■	A	■	N	■	M
C	A	T	H	E	A	D	■	P	O	M	A	T	U	M
H	■	O	■	A	■	U	■	E	■	E	■	I	■	U
I	N	M	A	T	E	S	■	R	E	L	E	A	R	N
N	■	A	■	■	■	■	A	■	E	■	I	■	I	
E	A	T	E	N	■	C	O	N	D	E	■	R	A	T
G	■	I	■	U	■	O	■	T	■	R	■	C	■	I
U	D	C	■	M	A	N	G	O	■	S	O	R	B	O
N	■	P	■	B	■	V	■	■	■	■	A	■	N	
C	H	I	N	E	S	E	■	Q	U	A	F	F	E	D
O	■	S	■	R	■	R	■	U	■	V	■	T	■	U
R	A	T	O	O	N	S	■	A	M	A	L	G	A	M
P	■	O	■	N	■	E	■	K	■	I	■	U	■	P
S	O	L	V	E	■	D	W	E	L	L	I	N	G	S

Company Meeting

LLOYDS BANK LIMITED

MR. J. BEAUMONT PEASE'S ADDRESS

THE seventy-eighth ordinary general meeting of the shareholders of the Bank was held on Friday, 31st January, in London. Mr. J. Beaumont Pease, chairman, presiding referred to the death of His Late Majesty the King and the meeting stood in silence of a few moments. The chairman then spoke of the loss the bank had sustained through the death of Mr. Henry Bell and said that Lord Bearsted, Mr. F. A. Beane, and Mr. L. B. Robinson had been elected to the Board. Dealing with various items in the balance sheet he said (in part): The percentage of current accounts to the total of deposits continues to increase being 52.7 against 51.6 last year and 49.9 and 48.3 for the two previous years. The increased desire to borrow is much welcomed by bankers but the proportion of our loans to our deposits is still very much below the normal and stands at 35.2 on the basis of the figure for loans alone or 37.7 on the more comprehensive figure which forms the basis in the balance sheets of the majority of other banks.

PROFIT AND LOSS

You will see that our net profit brought in, after charging rebate and income tax, provision having been made for all bad and doubtful debts and other contingencies out of the profits of the year, is £1,642,785.

May I mention one or two facts illustrating the difficulty in these days which we experience in making profits of a normal banking character. Although the average amount of money lent on short notice to brokers is nearly three million pounds in excess of last year's figure, yet, owing to the fact that the average rate was 7*s*. 7*d*. less than last year, the total amount of interest earned is less than the previous year's figure. In the same way, the average amount of our discounts was seven million pounds greater, but they earned for us considerably less owing to the fact that the average rate of discount was 4*s*. 5*d*. less than it was last year.

The same story is told by our Investment Account. In the amount of dividends received we were actually worse off, although on an average we had thirteen million pounds more invested than in the previous year.

The chairman in reviewing the past year referred to Their Majesties' Jubilee and to the result of the General Election, continuing he said :—

That the progress of the country has been definite and substantial is proved by all the accepted indications. The figures of unemployment, which show a reduction of 217,250, the record number of over 10½ million employed, and the retail trade improvement to the extent of 7 per cent. as compared with 1934, are examples of the increased spending power of the people.

A PARADOXICAL WORLD

The chairman then reviewed the international trade situation, concluding :

It is indeed a paradoxical world we live in. We agree on all sides what are the obstacles in the path of improvement, and yet by some inexorable fate we appear compelled to add to their number. We seek abundance, and in our search we find poverty.

Surely our twentieth century civilisation cannot be so helpless that it is out of its power somehow to obtain what is the common desire of all nations and peoples!

THE DUTIES OF BANKERS

In the great work of reconstruction which lies before us, the question we bankers have to ask ourselves is, What have we left undone which we might have done in assisting the restoration of more normal conditions and the reduction of unemployment?

There is no unanimity in regard either to the powers or the duties of bankers. For myself, I still regard our first duty as the safe custody of our depositors' money. Out next duty to the public, in so far as it is compatible with the first, is to do what we can by way of giving financial assistance and advice to our customers, and generally to conduct our business on the soundest and best lines. I cannot bring myself to agree with those who take a much wider view both of our powers and our duties. We cannot go out into the highways and hedges and compel reluctant borrowers to come in and demand loans, nor in my judgment ought we to assume the attitude of dictators in laying down rules of our own making. There are many who take the opposite view, and think it is within the capacity of bankers to extend credit indefinitely and control not only the volume but also to dictate the direction of credit and assume an omnipotent knowledge as to what type of loan is in the national interest and what ought to be withheld on the grounds that it is antisocial. These are distinctions on which different individuals, whether they are politicians, bankers, or industrialists, take different views, and it would be mere presumption on the part of bankers to try to dictate on these matters. A banker has to administer his business as best he can on the merits of every question as it comes before him, but it would be just as much folly for him to try to dictate the lines on which the industries or politics of the country should be run as it would for politicians or industrialists to try to run the banks. Amongst those who, on the contrary, think they are capable of running all three, there is some recognition of a bank's limitations, and while admitting that it is unsound for a bank to lend its depositors' money in risky enterprises, or to lock it up in permanent loans of a capital nature, they use this concession as an argument for the nationalisation of the banks, apparently on the assumption that what is bad business for the privately owned bank may be perfectly sound if the bank belongs to the State.

THE DEPRESSED AREAS

The question of the depressed areas is one which has brought forth a whole crop of suggestions, and indeed it is so sad and urgent a problem that one welcomes almost any proposal, but I think it is only fair to bankers to remove some misconceptions in regard to their attitude on this question. In the first report of the Commissioner for the Special Areas it is stated that "managers of local branches of the banks are no longer as ready as they were formerly to advance capital on prospects and personalities unsupported by tangible assets," and this statement is followed by the somewhat contradictory assertion that "it seems doubtful whether any organisation run on a purely commercial basis can meet the needs of the Areas." Again, in the report on Durham and Tyneside, the assertion is made that "the post-war rationalisation of our banking system has resulted in the extinction of the smaller concerns with definite local associations, with the inevitable results that bank accommodation on anything but a very modest scale must be sought in London, and it has been suggested that in such cases capital assets or past balance-sheets appear to be accepted as more important criteria than the earning capacity of any new venture." These statements are curiously far from the truth. On principle, bankers never have been prepared to provide permanent capital for industry, but having regard to the low percentage of their loans to their deposits at the present time, they are perhaps less rigidly bound by the strict principles of banking in this respect than they ever have been.

The two quotations which I have given represent a belief which is widely held, not because it is based on any foundation of fact, but because it has been so often and so glibly passed from mouth to mouth that it has been accepted at its face value without any evidence to support it. Indeed, to the uninitiated it does sound as if it very likely might be true. Anyone, however, who has any knowledge of banking practice, particularly those who have had experience both in the old private bank methods and the present-day organisations, can unhesitatingly assert that in actual fact Branch Bank Managers have just as much discretion in granting or influence in obtaining loans for their customers as they ever had.

ASSISTANCE TO INDUSTRY

If we look at the history of banking since pre-war days we can find many instances of the willingness of banks to adjust themselves to new conditions, and either directly or indirectly to provide new methods of giving assistance to industry. You may recollect such examples as the formation of the British Trade Corporation, which, under the pressure of public opinion, they helped to inaugurate, perhaps somewhat against their better judgment, but with the desire not to appear unwilling to do what was considered for the benefit of trade. Its career was unsuccessful. The Agricultural Mortgage Bank, on the other hand, formed under rather similar auspices, has been of eminently good service to the industry of agriculture. I do not know whether there is any intention to act on the hint contained in the report of the Commissioner for the Special Areas, that if there is a demand for financial assistance and "if it is found that there is a real opening for new enterprise in those Areas," he may "find it necessary to advise that a special fund should be created for the purpose." I am sure, however, that banks will be sympathetically anxious to take part in any scheme which legitimately falls within their scope. It must be borne in mind that the Commissioner anticipates "that a number of failures must be expected," and that "no organisation run on a purely commercial basis can meet the need of the Areas." Presumably, therefore, any assistance which the banks would give to such a scheme would be only of an indirect character. Any proposal, on the other hand, coming to a bank which, interpreted on the most liberal lines, could be classed as a commercial venture in those Areas, will obtain the most sympathetic consideration.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

OUR BANKERS ON THE ECONOMIC PROSPECT—MR. MCKENNA AND CONTROL OF THE MONEY SYSTEM—INFLATION AND THE DOLLAR—AMERICAN INVESTMENT TRUSTS AND LEVERAGE—B. & O. PREFERRED

"As bankers," said Mr. Colin Campbell to the shareholders of the National Provincial Bank, "we have, of course, no politics." But he went on to insist that it was "of the utmost importance that the Government in power should command the confidence of the business community." He added, somewhat naively, that "from this point of view we shall admit that the result of the General Election has relieved the country from certain awkward possibilities which might have put back its material progress, at least for the time being." Surely it would have been less waste of time if he had simply confessed the divine right of bankers and big business to have a Conservative Government in perpetuity. Apart from passing remarks of this sort, the speeches of our joint stock bankers this year were mild and innocuous. A slight inconsistency of thought was apparent in the general desire to return to currency stabilisation, resume foreign lending and maintain expansion at home. How is it possible to secure the first two without such a rise in interest rates as would shatter the housing boom and put a stop to domestic expansion? None of the bankers answered this question. They had no proposals to make for a new form of gold system which would obviate the use of bank rate for purposes of exchange control. Nevertheless, they were all sensible of the economic blessings we have received from cheap money and public works and of the slump which will overtake us if the housing boom collapses before the Government has taken steps to expand the domestic market. Actually Mr. Colin Campbell showed the Government how to solve the economic problem. He urged an improvement in the food of the under-nourished. It has been estimated, he said, that if the under-nourished classes in this country were able to enjoy a full diet, there would be an increased trade in foodstuffs amounting to about £200 millions a year. Obviously this is the way to fill the gap in our domestic economy when the housing boom declines, say, in 1937. The provision of free milk at the schools would be a beginning, but much more will have to be done.

* * *

The centenary of the Midland Bank seems to have affected Mr. Reginald McKenna's whole outlook on monetary life. Last year he was saying that "co-operation between the Central Bank and the commercial banks is still only intermittent and limited to the necessities of special occasions. Under such conditions, monetary policy must fail to be either as well informed or efficient in action as it might be." This year: "the framework for a comprehensive system of sound money has come into being. . . . Each part of the money supply is made subject to a single control. The ultimate control rests with the Government of the day, acting upon principles publicly declared or defined by Parliament in statute." This statement is so entirely contrary to the known facts that I imagine Mr. McKenna must be indulging in heavy irony or pulling Mr. Montagu Norman's leg. Monetary control will never be publicly declared or defined by Parliament in statute until the Bank of England is nationalised and, as Mr. McKenna indicated a year ago, there will be no unified control of the money system until the nationalised Bank of England has been given certain powers over the operations of joint stock banks. To be precise, the Bank of England should be able to require the joint stock banks (*a*) to furnish monthly statements of assets and liabilities giving particulars of loans and advances; (*b*) to maintain their cash ratios within prescribed limits; and (*c*) to maintain certain balances on current account at the Bank of England. Of these powers (*b*) is perhaps the most important, but it is also vital that such valuable information as Mr. Favill Tuke, the chairman of Barclays, gave on the distribution of the bank's advances should be made available to the Bank of England every month.

* * *

If the possibilities of an eventual inflation in America have been increased by recent events, there is no immediate need for alarm about the dollar. Commodity prices in the United States are not running away and the dollar has not been weak in terms of all foreign currencies. It is true that the unbalancing of the Federal budget, the continued inflation of bank credit through the inflow of foreign capital, and the certainty that Government spending will be increased in an election year, are all slow-moving inflationary forces; but when the real inflation is drawing near we shall see commodity prices rising steeply. The monetary policy of the American Government is not likely to be altered before the Presidential election, that is, the exchange will be maintained on a gold basis of 35 dollars to the ounce. The export of gold from New York to Paris this week when the dollar-franc exchange reached gold export point, showed that an effective, if cumbersome, gold standard is being maintained by the American Treasury. Exchange hedging by British holders of dollar securities has reduced the premium on forward dollars from $\frac{11}{16}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ (three months), but as long as American banks transfer funds to the London money market, which offers them $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. per annum for three months, some premium on forward dollars is likely to remain. The recent heavy offerings of cash dollars seem to have come partly from Shanghai (in exchange for silver), partly from Continental operators nervous of a further dollar devaluation, and partly from the American rubber and metal markets hastening purchases of foreign commodities through fear of domestic inflation. The dollar must remain liable to periodic attacks of this sort.

* * *

Many British investors feel that it is too risky to choose an American stock from the hundreds quoted in the New York Stock Exchange official list or on the Kerb, and that the safest way to participate in the American recovery is to buy the equity stock of a well-managed investment trust whose directors are better capable of "playing the market." Now American investment trusts are operated, not to obtain revenue for their stockholders, but to secure capital appreciation. This was the cause of their undoing in the slump. Many died a natural death or were absorbed by Mr. Odlum of the Atlas. The survivors are now much chastened in spirit and more conservatively managed, but are still "out" for capital profits. If the investor applies the same rule—capital profit—to his purchase of investment trust equities he must consider not only the past records and the present make-up of the portfolios, but the important point of "leverage." Mr. Odlum defined "leverage" as follows: "When the earnings or assets of a company in which the common stock is preceded by a proportionately large amount of bonds or preferred stock move a small amount, that whole movement is passed through these senior securities and pyramided into a much wider fluctuation in the common stock. In financial circles this resultant intensified swing on the common stock is what is known as 'leverage.'" Three main elements, therefore, determine "leverage"—the amount of senior securities, the number of common shares outstanding and the net asset value of the portfolio. In the following table of "leverage" for a select number of American investment trusts, the amount of senior securities is considered to be the sum which these security holders would be entitled to receive in a voluntary liquidation, plus arrears of dividends. It will be appreciated that the inclusion in a trust's portfolio of common stocks or preferred stocks possessing "leverage" themselves enhances the "leverage" factor of the trust's equity stock.

	Prices.		Net Asset Value per Common Share, June 30th, 1935.	Net Asset Value per Common Share. (*a*) If Total Assets increased by 10%.	Net Asset Value per Common Share. (*b*) If Total Assets increased by 25%.	Resulting Percentage Increase. (*a*)	Resulting Percentage Increase. (*b*)
	Low, 1935.	Present.					
Adams Express ...	4¼	12¼	$6.74	$8.28	$10.61	23%	58%
Capital Administration (A)	4⅞	15½	10.17	15.09	21.73	48%	109%
Prudential	4¾	10	8.30	10.03	12.64	21%	52%
Selected Industries .	⅜	2¾	9.36 (*d*)	7.63 (*d*)	5.04 (*d*)	18%	46%
Tricontinental ...	1⅞	10½	3.32	5.04	7.61	52%	129%
U.S. and Foreign ...	4½	15½	2.12	5.04	9.42	138%	344%

(d) = deficit

The "leverage" of U.S. and Foreign is remarkable for the fact that it holds a large proportion of the second preferred and common stocks of U.S. and International.

* * *

The "leverage" factor enters into many railroad preferred and common stocks which are now the rage on Wall Street. For instance, in November last year when gross revenues were 17.3 per cent. above those of November, 1934, the net operating revenues were 66.7 per cent. greater. (Eastern railroads up 52.9 per cent., Western up 121.9 per cent. and Southern up 25.4 per cent.) This initial "leverage" in net earnings is then greatly magnified when it filters through to the common stocks. Consider, for example, this ratio of capitalisation:

	Funded Debt.	Preferred Stock.	Common Stock.
Baltimore and Ohio ..	67.48%	6.52%	26.0%

This explains why Baltimore and Ohio preferred stock, which earned only a few cents last year, is considered one of the best speculations in the railroad market at 27.

Company Meeting

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK LIMITED

MR. COLIN CAMPBELL'S ADDRESS

The Annual General Meeting of the National Provincial Bank Ltd., was held in London on Thursday, January 30th.

Mr. Colin F. Campbell (the Chairman), first referred to the death of His Majesty the King and the meeting stood in tribute.

The Chairman then referred to the losses which the board had sustained by the deaths of Lord Reading, Sir William Peat and through the retirement of Mr. Charles Cave Cave; and welcomed as new directors the Hon. Jasper Ridley, Lord Burghley, and Sir Samuel Roberts.

The Chairman dealt with various items on the balance sheet and continuing said: The profit statement we are able to submit discloses a profit increase of £21,677. The dividend is being maintained at 15 per cent., and after allocating £100,000 to Bank Premises Account and £100,000 to Pension Fund we are carrying forward the substantial amount of £922,406, an increase of £43,525 compared with last year.

When we turn from what I may call the domestic affairs of our own business to the history of the past year in its wider aspects, we cannot fail to be struck by the contrast between steady progress at home and disturbance and uncertainty abroad. Instead of apprehensions that were so common in 1934 concerning the alleged approach of "saturation point" in the home market, the past year witnessed the growth of a belief that much still remains to be done before the needs of the home market are fully met. This will stimulate further advancement until a revival of foreign trade can be secured through a reduction in trade barriers and the abolition of restrictions on international payments.

This belief has been fully justified by the progress established during 1935. Looking first at the most adverse symptom that spoils the record of our improvement—the still terrible figure of unemployment—we find that it has been reduced during the year by about 200,000, while on the other hand the figure of employment has shown that there have been more men and women actively at work than at any time during the past 15 years. These evidences are gratifying as far as they go, but the fact that nearly two millions of people are still without regular employment is a serious blot upon the brighter pages of our history.

In the matter of our export trade, however, the past year once more showed how successfully our country is struggling with the difficulties that confront it. Our sales abroad, especially of manufactured goods, have shown an expansion which can only be considered as highly gratifying in view of these difficulties.

REVIVAL OF PRINCIPAL INDUSTRIES

All our chief industries have shown some improvement and among them the progress of the iron and steel, engineering and motor manufacturing trades has been most conspicuous. What is perhaps even more satisfactory is the fact that there has been a definite revival in some of those industries which have suffered most severely during the depression. The slight increase in the volume of our international trade, supported by the Government's policy of assistance through subsidy to our tramp shipping, has given fresh hope to the managers of our mercantile marine, the prosperity of which is so essential to our national existence. This fresh hope has been communicated to our shipbuilding trade and has been in its case stimulated by the determination expressed by the Government to make good any gaps that there may be in the strength of our defensive forces. There have also been welcome signs of revival in our long-suffering cotton trade, the depression in which has caused so much distress in the Lancashire area.

It is impossible to pass from these favourable factors without a reference to the discussions which have recently been taking place in the coal trade. So dependent is the whole network of our industries on a regular and adequate supply of coal, that the announcement of an agreement between the employers and employed was received with the utmost satisfaction.

WORKING OF THE FINANCIAL MACHINE

I have laid stress on these industrial and commercial aspects of our record, because these are the true and genuine tests of the country's progress. Some of the critics of the Banks and of their methods and outlook imagine that they are concerned only with monetary and financial matters and have no care for the real wealth and welfare of the nation, as long as they can make profits out of handling debts and credits and securities. Nothing could be more untrue. As bankers, we know well that there can be no prosperity for us except when the productive power of our industries is actively employed in supplying the needs of domestic and foreign customers ready and able to consume their output, or in furnishing, out of the savings of the public, the equipment required for the further development of industry and commerce.

Turning now, however, to the financial aspect of affairs, we find in it also good cause for encouragement notwithstanding the inactivity still imposed on those many wheels in the machine which depend on international trade and international monetary co-operation. It is from some points of view satisfactory to be able to point to another year of exceptionally cheap money and consequently of high prices of securities, though the level reached in January of last year was not maintained.

There is some reason to regret that the ban on new issues on foreign account is still found to be necessary, since the connection in former times between the activity of foreign lending and the expansion of our export trade was constant. It will be unfortunate if the possibility of improvement in international trade is frustrated by a desire to prevent the outward movement of capital when trustworthy borrowers are in a position to ask for it in the London Market.

There is much to be done in improving the internal equipment of our country, and the Government has put before us a programme which indicates a bold determination to undertake this most important task, as far as it can be done without undue strain on our resources. With the priceless asset of business confidence behind it the Government can go forward to carry out those reforms which can be relied on to keep industry busy, while at the same time securing benefits which will improve the health, happiness, and well-being of the community, and maintain its weight and prestige in the counsels of the nations, to be used in the cause of peace and liberty.

An equally urgent necessity is slum-clearance that will remove a reproach from our civilisation. Improved educational facilities will also set many people besides teachers to work to provide the expanded schools and equipment that will be necessary. Further developments are being effected in the electrification of suburban railway services with the help of cheap capital provided by Government guarantee.

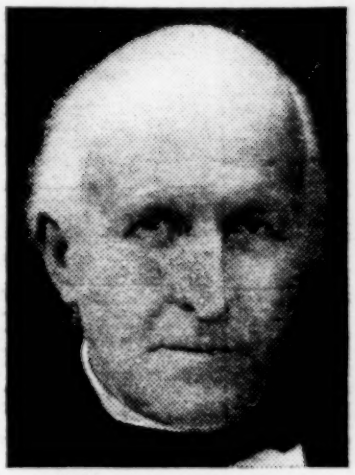
As to the "special areas" and the proposals that are being considered for the restoration of activity therein, we shall all agree that whatever can be done in this direction will be of national benefit.

The steadiness and progress that marked the past year at home were also to be found in the British Empire and in the sterling area, as the group of countries are called that have followed the British example in abandoning for the time being the gold standard. Higher prices for wool, jute and wheat, besides other raw materials, have benefited our Dominions and India, and the recent level of prices for gold and silver has opened new possibilities of wealth for South Africa and for countries in which these metals are found.

As I have shown, we may count with fair confidence on another year of further recovery at home and in our Empire, and we may hope especially that a new era of prosperity may be opening for India, under the Constitution, the granting of which was one of the most memorable events among the many that marked the course of 1935.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

His Grace
THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY



writes:

"The Cancer Hospital deserves all the help which can be given to it in its ceaseless endeavours to combat this scourge by patient research into its causes and by skilled and sympathetic treatment of those who suffer from it."

There is no room for reasonable doubt that the discovery of the cause and cure of cancer will come—but it won't come as a flash of inspiration in a moment. It will come as the result of long continued, laborious and exacting work such as is carried on at the Research Institute of The Cancer Hospital.
Please send a gift to the Earl of Granard.

The Cancer Hospital (FREE)
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